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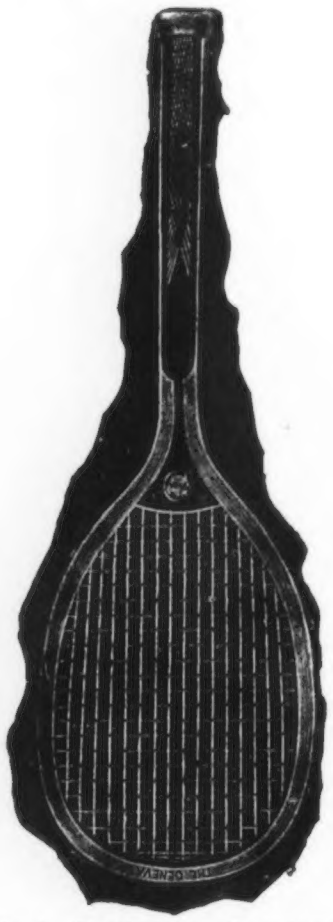

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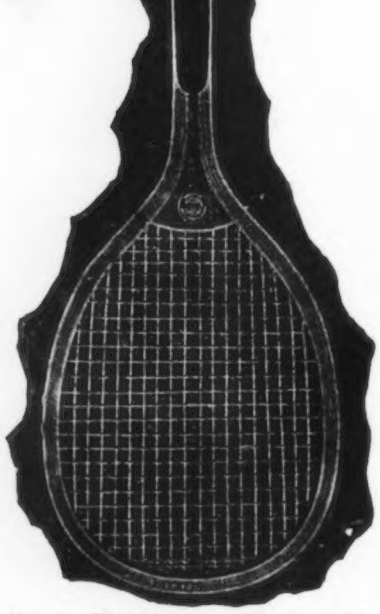

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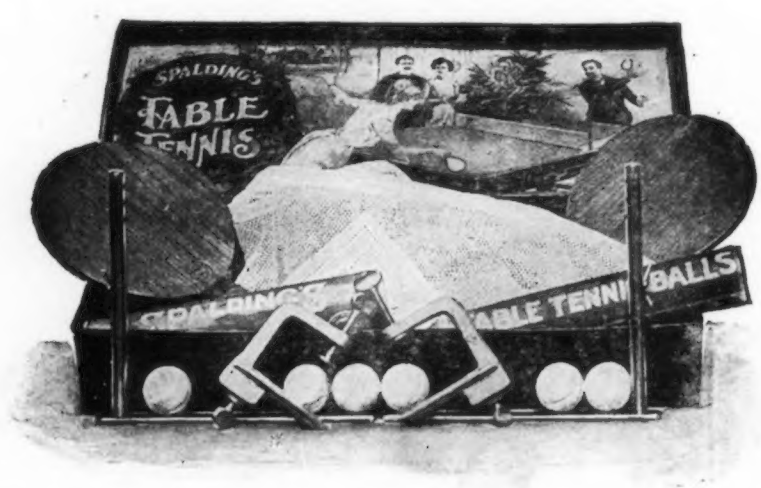

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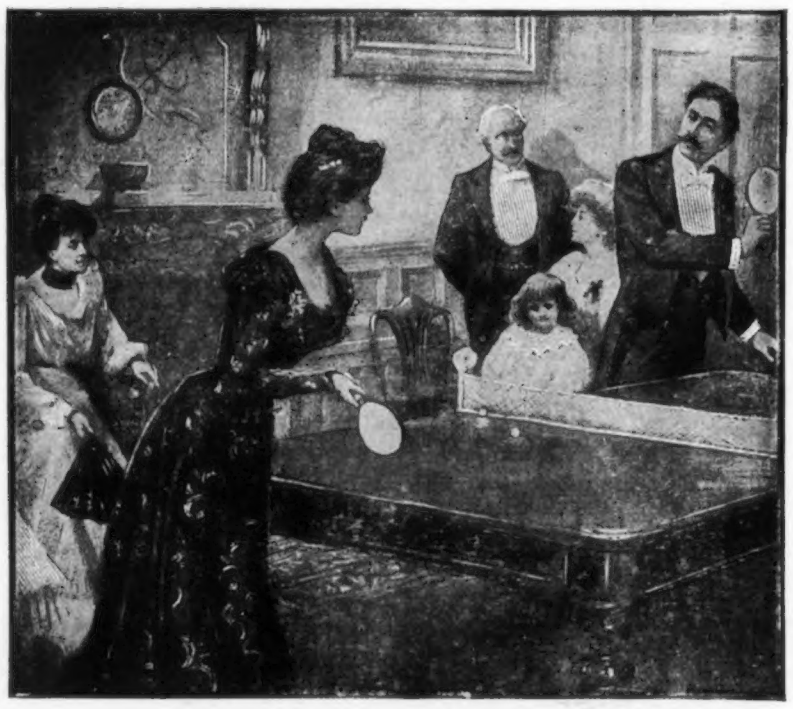

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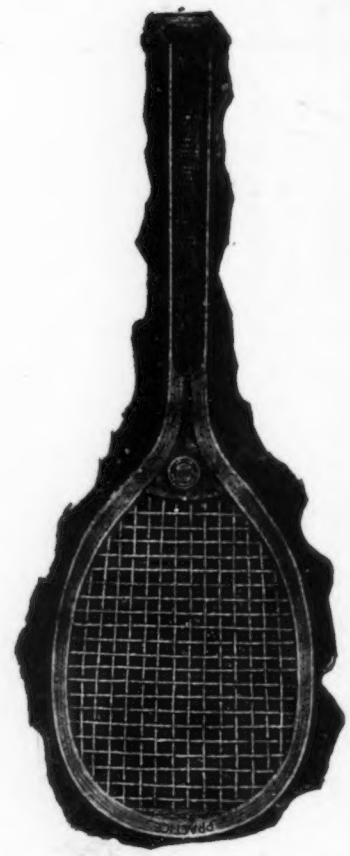

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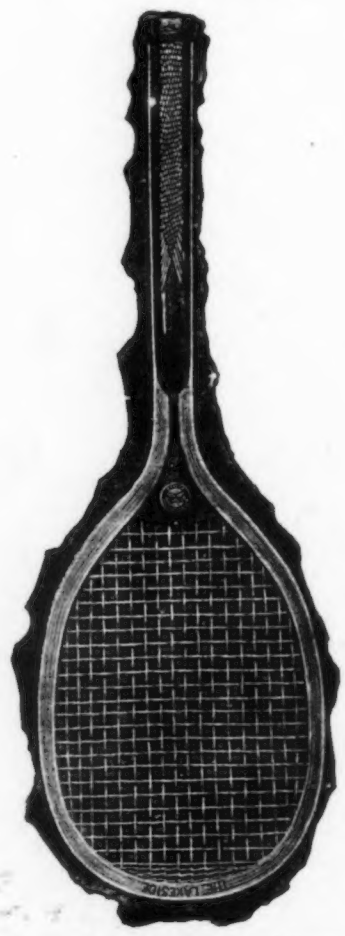

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THE materials of the hour are so beautiful, the trimmings so exquisite in design and coloring and so novel in their many combinations that there is apparently everything new in all that makes up the perfection of art in dress.

However, from authoritative source comes the statement that an entire evolution, if not a revolution, is imminent, and when you come to regard it critically the shadows of this coming revolution have been hovering near us for quite some time, and each season produces increasing beauty and elegance which surpasses anything we have had before. The particular tendency of the moment is toward the picturesque, which, properly applied, can give the simplest dress an air of distinction and some special charm of individuality. The one and only discouraging feature is that the whole fabric of fashion is wrought on such an extravagant scale. Especially is this true as regards trimmings, which are not alone expensive, but are required in great quantity. Of great importance among the varied kinds of trimming are the fancy braids and their various combinations with taffeta, grenadine, mousseline de soie and Brussels net. Silk cords are in the same family, and these are sometimes feather-edged and used for the edge finish on a shaped band of net decorated in the center with some design in silk braid, giving the appearance of hand embroidery.

There are fancy open braids which in themselves have a very lacy appearance, the grenadine braids being especially pretty in combination with lace, or alone. Pretty flower designs with leaves are formed of braid, very narrow, of course, and French knots, and then there are all sorts of designs in what are called puff braids, both in black and white, and in braids with irregular edges, very soft and pliable so they can be arranged in almost any form.

* * *

Everybody at our swell resorts is wearing some kind of a fancy coat, and the styles in which these garments are made display as great a variety as do the figures which they cover. In these days of generosity in the way of fashions there is absolutely no excuse for any woman wearing an unbecoming gown. Whatever her style and her taste, she may easily gratify them and yet remain à la mode. However, there is one thing she must have, and this is a fancy coat, if she desires to be strictly modish.

If she inclines to stoutness, then her model will be a semi-tight fitting one in three-quarter length. The slender woman may indulge her fancy for one of those tiny taffeta affairs that look very much like an abbreviated Kimona and are supplied with the picturesque name of "coffee coats." These are also made of Chantilly lace, of veiling on a silk foundation, while the ones of light colored cloth are smarter than ever and promise to be quite *the* thing for early Fall wear.

One of the loveliest coats of the season I recently saw at Newport. It was as distinctly Parisian as the name of the maker, Bechoff-David, and was made of printed mousseline over silk. The diaphanous fabric was exquisitely colored with pale-pink flowers and green foliage, upon a delicate ground of creamy white. The coat almost reached the hem of the skirt and was, of course, an evening wrap. The wide, flowing sleeves were oddly trimmed with tiny festoons of ribbon bows, and a Capuchin hood made the garment decidedly picturesque and quaint. About the shoulders, bordering this round collar-like affair and overlaid with radiating bands of ribbon on a foundation of lace, was a three-inch shirring of plain mousseline. Where this crossed the bust there were two rosettes of mousseline from which depended long streamers of ribbon striped with velvet, and at the neck the coat was completed with a high turnover collar trimmed with straps of black velvet ribbon divided by oval medallions of lace.

* * *

Linens of every description are in good taste. By French tailors they are made into fairly long skirts heavily strapped, and these are worn either with skirted Russian blouses, the shorter "Gibson" waists, or blouse Etons, with Irish lace collars attached. Pale sea-shell pink or cherry-red are the colors most popular for the waists worn beneath these garments. Some of the mauve and butcher's-blue linens are relieved with écru linen lace insertings and appliqués, with an exceedingly smart effect. Holland dresses, more or less tinted, are much used for beach and mountain costumes. Strapping forms the usual trimming, and the jaunty jackets are finished with blouse vests of white India silk, fagot-stitched in black, or dotted with black French knots. The same kind of silk is used for the sailor collar, the pointed ends brought down half way to the waist, one on each side. Inch-wide straps of black taffeta edge the collar, and a black silk tie passed underneath is knotted in front. With these additions the Holland gown is very chic indeed, and not alone looks cool but is cool.

* * *

Some of the new skirts are arranged in graduated box plaits all around, the plaits being very narrow and flat at the top, widening out as they descend, and when released giving the fashionable fulness at the feet. Soft, pliable materials are especially appropriate for this style of skirt, and many of the models are threaded horizontally with bands of inserting, the band passing beneath the plaits. Three or four rows of inserting arranged at regular intervals and sometimes forming a slight dip in front are used. The skirts are hung over five-gored foundations and the plaits are either secured on the under side or else they are stitched down to flounce depth and then left to flare gracefully. They are usually made with inverted plaits in back. Regulation of the length of the plaits depends on the figure. Tall or short, slender or the reverse, these characteristics are taken severally into account in making up these plaited styles.

Plain white nun's veiling or pongee over white taffeta makes a charming summer gown, the gored skirt arranged in groups of fine vertical tucks down to the knee, a band of inserting encircling the skirt at the hem. A pretty way of making the waist is to arrange it in tucks below a handsome lace yoke. A very narrow belt of stitched white taffeta is sufficient, the sleeves tucked and then springing out into puffs just at the cuffs.

Réséda, when made into gowns or outer garments, is very handsome trimmed with an appliqué of black lace. This must be very light in texture and design, or it will deaden the ground coloring.

SOIREE GOWNS OF NET AND CRÊPE DE CHINE.

(Described on page 39.)

Millie's Burglar.

"NOW that is what I call a really pretty picture," said Emerson, as he lounged into the kitchen, dressed airily in white flannels and a white silk negligé shirt, and carrying a pipe in his mouth. "And useful, too."

He laughed softly—the laugh of contentment with things in general. It was not more than two months since his marriage.

"You mustn't smoke here," said his wife, with an assumption of severity. "It will spoil the flavor."

She looked around to see if the servant—a girl of seventeen—was near. Finding she was not in the room she skipped lightly towards the door, still holding the wooden spoon in her hand, and laid her face invitingly upon his shoulder. They kissed with all the tenderness a newly wedded couple can muster.

"What is it now?" Emerson indicated the range. "What new and terrible concoction is this?"

She held up the ladle, but a step outside made her run hastily to the fire. "I must go on stirring, or it will burn," she said, throwing a smile towards him over her shoulder. "Oh! It is so hot!" She took on a pathetic aspect. "Am I not a good housekeeper, you lazy boy?"

The newly-made Mrs. Emerson was young and lively, and her pose before the fire was grace itself. Most women look at their best when they are happy, but she was really pretty as well. It was certainly very hot work to be making raspberry jam in these sultry August days.

"I should like to paint you just as you are now," said her husband, reflectively—" A Cottage Interior.' "

Emerson was an artist to a certain extent, but it was fortunate for him that he had a modest income of his own to fall back upon. Frankly, he was only a mediocre artist. He had a certain talent. Sometimes he exhibited. He would have asserted with warmth, if asked, that he loved art for itself; but it is possible that he loved it more because it enabled him to work just as much as he chose, and no more. Just now he confessed to himself that his life was idyllic. It could not, perhaps, last forever, but while it lasted it was perfect. A charming cottage in a picturesque part of the Catskills, cheap living, an adorable wife who seemed to develop new and more excellent qualities day by day—he enumerated the catalogue hourly as he sat at his easel, and smiled with satisfaction. The weather, too, was charming, bright and clear, with only an occasional sultry day.

"Come and sit in the garden," he interposed at length. "It looks very pretty, my love, but you mustn't overdo it. Mary can manage the rest."

The stirring ceased abruptly.

"Oh, it is too hot for anything," she sighed. "There, Mary, you know what to do with this. I am going out a little."

The domestic, a short, heavily-built country girl, took the spoon and stirred solemnly while her mistress ran gaily out of the room. The extraordinary levity of Mrs. Emerson's manner always puzzled her; she seemed to her a creature of another world—a sort of amiable fairy, forever trying new experiments. The good Mary stirred heavily for a long while; then, as no one appeared to give further orders, set the kettle to one side and busied herself again with peeling potatoes.

The cottage the Emersons had secured at an easy rental was really an old farm house, and of quite a reasonable size. The kitchen in particular, would have done credit to a family mansion, and adjoining it was a storeroom that would have contained supplies for a regiment. It was Mrs. Emerson's secret ambition to fill this palatial apartment with home-made jams, preserves, etc., etc. Emerson, in a jesting mood, had often teased her upon her housekeeping, and it was true that she had not had much experience in that line before marriage. All the more reason, she thought, to show him speedily how very much he was mistaken in his estimate of her; and after they had returned from their honeymoon to spend the summer and autumn in this idyllic little spot, she had employed herself and the ever-patient Mary pretty assiduously in boiling down all the raspberries and currants they could discover into jam. Already nearly three whole shelves were filled with neat rows of jars, covered over, tied down, and accurately labeled. The young wife contemplated them with housewifely pride. A little more of this and they need not buy jam for a whole year at least. She began, intoxicated with success, to dream of larger operations that extended far into the future.

* * *

It was past midnight, and the house was wrapped in slumber. Suddenly Emerson found himself awake, with the confused impression that someone had knocked violently at the door. He listened a moment, but could hear nothing more. He had just composed himself to sleep again when there came a sudden sharp report—it might have been the banging of a door—and a clattering, as of a falling tea tray loaded with crockery. He sat up in bed, fully wide awake in an instant. A strained whisper said:

"Jack! Jack! Are you awake? Did you hear that awful noise? Someone has broken into the house!"

He pulled himself together with an effort to speak calmly. "Probably something has fallen down," he said. "I'll go and see what's up." He made as if to get out of bed, but in no very great hurry.

"Oh, Jack! You are not going to leave me? I shall die of fright! It was a most awful noise!"

"I think perhaps I ought to go." Emerson was divided between a wish to do the right thing and a natural disinclination for exertion. To the former was added a healthy fear of ridicule, to the latter a certain dread of the unknown. He was not exactly a coward, but he would never have gone out of his way to seek adventure. Perhaps, he half hoped, she might forbid the enterprise. As it was, she merely covered her head with the bedclothes, saying plaintively:

"You will hurry back, dear, won't you? I shan't breathe until it's all over. And please take care of yourself."

It was no good delaying. With a beating heart Emerson dressed himself, considered a moment, thrust his feet into a pair of soft slippers, hesitated, opened quietly a flat wooden box that stood by the bedside, and took out a revolver. It was a present a friend of his had made him some time ago. He was unaccustomed to firearms, but the weapon was kept loaded. The fact was, his cousin had been practicing with it, and had omitted to remove the cartridges. Emerson did not know how to take them out, and argued, wisely, that it would be more useful to have it ready for immediate action.

"Are you going to shoot him?" came in a muffled voice from beneath the bedclothes.

Emerson tried bravely to control a slight quavering in his voice, as he said, with hesitation:

"Not unless it is—absolutely necessary."

"Oh! do be quick," said the voice in an agony of apprehension. Emerson took up the candle and went boldly to the door. Then it struck him that to carry a light would be the extreme of folly. He blew it out; he creaked solemnly into the dusky passage, trusting to luck to find his way downstairs, exploring the shadows with more than common care, his finger on the trigger of the revolver.

There was not a sound now. Surely, he thought, it must all have been a mistake, a mere trick of the imagination. He peered anxiously into all the rooms of the lower floor, but there was no sign of anything wrong, as he could plainly see by the light of the moon that flooded all the place. He felt his way cautiously down the two steps that led to the kitchen door, opened it gently, and looked in. Ah! the further door was half open, leading to the storeroom. And the window must be open, too, he could feel

(Concluded on page 19.)

THE LATEST THING IN FOULARD.

(Described on page 39.)

(Continued from August Number.)

NO, we see a wide staircase and the descending figure of a woman robed in a superb ball gown. One hand lightly rests upon the balustrade, the other holds a huge bunch of roses and in this—apparently inhaling the sweetness—she buries her face. One only sees the upper part of a broad low brow and a few curling strands of soft hair, finely arched, perfect eyebrows and gets just a glimpse of the lowered lids. Tied around the roses is a wide ribbon and on one of the ends are visible the words: "Cela n' engage à rien." Spread out behind the descending figure is the long train of her dress and in front a little, tiny foot peeps forth. Even if the face was concealed the beautiful lines of the figure were plainly visible, the soft curve of neck and shoulder, the round, symmetrical arm, the slender waist, the dainty dimpled hand and finally the well-formed foot—in short a superb, handsome woman. Besides that her whole bearing, the whole position, is so full of grace that the original of the photograph, even if the face were insignificant, would be voted an entrancing woman everywhere.

I have as yet not the faintest idea who my interesting correspondent really is. I have used no system of spying to unfathom the mystery, only that now my answers to her letters are sent to the New York postoffice instead of to Chicago. But even so, I had not attempted to lift the veil she had spread of her own accord. Oh, no, I shall not play the spy. And strange to say, until the present I had not even experienced the least curiosity to discover the name or the standing of any beautiful correspondent. The photograph in my hand would give me no clue either, because the mount is a fancy one and does not display the photographer's name.

Just this mystery, in my eyes, heightened the charm. Still, I must confess I always had cherished the faint hope that she herself would take the roses away from her face and incidentally give me one. But now the uncertainty begins to toture me. Shall I write that I love her? Oh, why do I ask this question. My whole thoughts are concentrated on her and I write:

"Diana:—

"Realizing the danger there is of irrevocably dispelling the dream that has enveloped me since I received your first letter, I address you in terms that speedily take us from the realm of fancy to the very real and ever-present world.

"First of all, let me tell you that I love you, Diana. You knew very well that it could not be otherwise. You have shown me all the charm and beauty of a thought that is well calculated to enslave a susceptible mind, you have lifted the veil a trifle, the veil that cenceals your beautiful, loving heart; you have permitted me to take short glimpses at the deep, rich treasures it contains; your half revealed picture gives me assurance of a beautiful form divine—and I should not say→Diana, my sweet, fair love, be mine!

"If you are not free—well there are chains that can easily be severed, but if this is not possible, if you cannot be mine, or if your picture and your sweet letters are only fiction, then tell me and my dream will be over forever.

"I am now resolved to trace you, Diana. Either the picture and the beauty that have enslaved my mind, my thoughts, my whole being will dissolve into nothing, or I shall rend the veil that hides my darling, my sweetheart; I shall tell her myself what is to-day the purport of my letter. Diana, I love you!"

Yes, this letter I shall mail to-day and within three days the answer can reach me. How shall I kill this long, long time? It is impossible to think of working up the notes for my book. A man in love is not any more able to calmly discuss the general feelings of the human race than the man in the moon. For the present the subjective view I have heretofore taken of the world is entirely gone, I am wholly objective.

Diana, Diana, what will your answer be?

* * *

As I have confided this question to these pages I shall not withhold the answer. It gives me pleasure to write the answer that I have read and re-read dozens of times:

"Your impatient language, my valiant lord, has frightened me, but if it causes me to tremble, the trembling is not distasteful to me. It is, I suppose, what in novels is called a 'sweet trembling.' You see I have so often read and heard of the things that are supposed to make up the history of happiness of a woman: the ever-conquering beauty, the burning passion, and whatever other names these various heart-beats may have in the language of novelists and poets, I have, as I say, heard of them, but have never, personally, experienced even a breath of these feelings.

"Not until now, during our interesting, if peculiar correspondence, when this world of dreams beckons me as a possible world of realities—I tremble, and yet I smile with joy.

"My dear Mr. Barton, I beg of you not to trace me. I am firmly resolved to drop the mask as soon as the proper moment has arrived—and do not be afraid that I shall dissolve into nothing! The photograph is my picture; the letters are mine, and every word they contain is a mirror of my innermost soul.

"Personally, I do not question your uprightness. You have, in one of your first letters, given me not alone your name, but a full description of your personality, so that not a shadow of doubt remained as to the honored position you occupy in the world, and as to the value and worth of your mental qualities—I think your letters have fully demonstrated them.

"The delusion you are carrying around with yourself, *mon cher*, that you are a philosopher, is entirely harmless, but you are a man of deep feeling, eager for knowledge, full of honor and with the noblest principles, so that surely you deserve to be entirely and wholly happy.

"You are no doubt aware that the Shadowbrook Hunt Club opens the fall hunting season in a few days, and that the members will be the guests of your neighbor, Mr. Sweetser, for a house party, together with a number of other people. And now listen: I also shall be there. My dearest, will you recognize your Diana? I shall not give you any password. I shall wear nothing that shall act as a sign; I anticipate with eagerness the pleasure I shall have in watching you closely and searchingly scan every woman present!

"I ask you on your honor not to make any inquiries earlier because I myself will draw aside the veil. This is my last letter, at least the last one of the series: *'cela n' engage à rien.'*

"If I should have occasion to write to you after our meeting it would certainly be: *cela engagerait à tout.* Do you think I shall find you deserving it?

DIANA."

What feelings I experienced, what emotions swayed me at the thought of so soon meeting the adored object of my affections I shall not confide to these pages. I am not able to. But I must say one thing: I wouldn't have exchanged with a king.

Yesterday when I got Sweetser's invitation to the hunt and to the house-party I pushed it aside indifferently and thought: "Well, it will be a little diversion anyway, I am not in any mood to continue with my book," but I little dreamed the magic errand of the piece of cardboard. It is lying here on my desk, together with Diana's last missive, and I regard it quite tenderly. It is prettily decorated in water colors with running foxes and pursuing dogs, but in my opinion it ought to show angels, cherubs, lace masks and dancing eyes.

The strain incidental to an expected surprise is surely to be counted among the first of human joys. Ask the child who is eagerly waiting for the coming of Santa Claus, or the first nighter who is to see some famous star in a famous play, and meanwhile sits in his seat impatiently wishing the curtain to rise, or the young man on the way to his first rendezvous—and I, I who am at once curious, childish and deeply in love, experience this pleasure of anticipation fourfold.

I do not care if you do laugh at me, in fact, I shall rather like it. I am so intensely, supremely happy that I shall not get angry at anything, even if you do ridicule the free philosopher who is now bound with such secure chains.

* * *

When I awoke on the morning of the famous dav my whole mind was filled with joy, and in the next second I grasped the situation: Diana, the charming, longed-for, mysterious Unknown—I was to meet and become acquainted with.

At ten o'clock the Shadowbrook Hunt Club was to meet at the pretty little club house, where a light breakfast was to be served, and then followed the meet and the glorious chase of the fox; in the evening the members of the club

ELEGANT VISITING OR CARRIAGE GOWNS.

(Described on page 39.)

were to have dinner with Mr. Sweetser and his other guests, at the millionaire's palatial country residence, which is second to none on all Long Island.

At nine o'clock I mounted my fiery steed and started off for the place of rendezvous, having sent my valet, with the clothing I would require during my stay at Sweetser's, away half an hour earlier. After a short ride I arrived at the club house and was met by Sweetser, who is one of the staunchest supporters.

"Ah, Barton, old fellow, glad to see you! I was half afraid you wouldn't come," he said with great cordiality. "Haven't seen you for an age. Were you sick?"

"I? Sick? Oh, no. Have you many guests at this house party? Many ladies?"

"Oh, yes, the whole house is full, ladies too. But we have no time for that now, breakfast and then the meet; the ladies you shall see this evening."

"Who are the ladies? Tell me—who are they? What are their names? Are they all New Yorkers? And are they good to look at?"

"Why, why, why! What eagerness! This is quite a new phase in your character, Barton, something I have not as yet noticed. So sorry though, that I can't give you any information! Really, I can't! My sister manages all that, I mean inviting the ladies, while I invite the men folks, if they are married, of course, their wives are invited also."

After breakfast we started off gaily, and I was rather disappointed that none of the ladies joined us, knowing that among Sweetser's guests were several well known horsewomen who could take a fence or a ditch with the best of us. Well, that didn't mend matters any and, although I followed the hounds assiduously, time hung rather heavily on my hands, and there were even moments when my thoughts were with Diana and very far away, indeed, from present actualities. Once I was roused from my dreams when Ackerly called to me and said:

"You don't seem to be one of Diana's followers, Barton, what is the trouble?"

"What, what!" I exclaimed. "You know her? And Diana has followers—admirers? Perhaps yourself? Oh, tell me everything, I beseech you!"

"Well, above all things, don't hold your riding crop right under my nose!"

"I beg pardon, I'm sure! Well, you said Diana—!"

"Well, I don't understand why you fly into such a passion just because I happen to mention the goddess of hunting."

"Oh, yes—yes—I see—I see."

"Your conversation, my dear Barton, does *not* sparkle with brilliancy. We had better turn our attention to catching the fox!"

At about six o'clock we arrived at The Maples, Sweetser's residence, and at once repaired to our rooms to make ourselves presentable for dinner. My valet had laid out my dress suit, the room, on this nasty, cold and damp November day was made invitingly comfortable by a roaring fire in the open fireplace, the kettle of my alcohol samovar was singing merrily, the brandy, sugar and lemon were ready to be turned into an appetizing toddy, and altogether I was quite satisfied with things in general. I think I would have made a good diplomat—if I hadn't preferred philosophy.

About an hour later the gong sounded for dinner. I think I had been ready fully half an hour, my whole attention given to coming events. The moment the gong sounded, I jumped from my chair, and giving one final look at my tie, left my room, which was situated on the second story. In order to reach the drawing rooms, which were on the first floor, I had to pass down a wide staircase covered with crimson carpet, and through long corridors hung with costly paintings and with magnificent statues standing here and there.

I mention all these details of luxury and elegance because they made such a very favorable impression upon me. When we are anticipating and expecting pleasure and joy, our senses are more than ever ready to be impressed by all outward signs that tend only toward heightening this expectant, festive feeling. The higher our culture the more intense and refined this feeling becomes, which is dominant in all men and leads even the peasant to decorate his walls with greens and flowers for the country dance.

With beating heart and bated breath I entered the brilliantly lighted drawing rooms. So intense was the feeling of expectancy and uncertainty that had been steadily increasing all day, that for a few moments the blood surged to my brain and I saw everything as through a mist.

There were present in the room about twelve or fifteen ladies in magnificent evening gowns, and as many men, standing or sitting in groups engaged in pleasant conversation, for which the tapestried walls, the dainty gold Rococo furniture and the big mirrors formed a fitting background. Together with me several others entered. One lady, particularly graceful and charming, passed me, and I wondered if she were Diana.

Mrs. Robinson (Sweetser's sister who did the honneurs of his home, Sweetser being a widower), stood near the huge carved fireplace receiving all with a few gracious words and a pleasant smile, and thither I went also to greet the admired mistress of this magnificent home.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Barton," she said with great cordiality. "I trust you enjoyed the hunt this morning."

(To be continued in October number.)

EARLY FALL TAILOR-MADE

consisting of light cloth skirt and dark cloth Eton. The skirt is arranged in box-plaits stitched down, and trimmed with straps. The jacket is trimmed with an embroidered collar edged with light cloth straps, cuffs to match. The jacket is to be worn open. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

* * *

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.—Swift.

JAUNTY TAILOR-MADES FOR FALL WEAR.

(Described on page 39.)

HOW I WON MY WAGER.

By HAROLD WHITE.

THIS story deals, in a way, with winning a wager, in this instance a twenty dollar bill. As a matter of fact I won something else as well, but you cannot reckon upon that in trying the experiment. The worst of it is, that doubts have been thrown upon its truth, and whenever I call my wife as a witness, she will always declare—in that irritating way which even the most charming of her sex sometimes have—that it wasn't "quite like that." As I tell her, there is nothing that she need be the least ashamed of, but she always shakes her head and says that it is quite impossible that she could have said and done this, that, and the other. Therefore, as we two are the only people who really know the truth about this double event, and she deserts me, I must ask you to take my word for it.

It was a lovely summer evening, and the time was seven o'clock or thereabouts. Freddie Wright and I were driving around Islip in my dogcart, for I used to keep a cob before I married.

Freddie was lamenting the absence in modern days of that spirit of adventure which used to spread such a charm over everyday life in times past. He was regretting the days of knocker-snatching and was speaking with unjustifiable approval of Mohawks and such light-hearted gentry. I preferred my practical jokes less blood-letting, and instanced the tale of Theodore Haviland. Haviland and a friend were driving, as we were, in the country. Haviland marked a hospitable-looking chimney on a stranger's house, and bet that he would dine beneath it. The bet was taken. Haviland entered the house, charmed the owner by his conversation, was asked to dine, did so, won his bet, and delighted the company.

Freddie thought that was pretty good.

"No one would do it nowadays," he said. "There isn't any one with an ounce of pluck about."

"I don't know about that," I said, " I rather thought I had some myself."

"Who has?" asked Fred.

I said I would do what Haviland did myself, and that it didn't require much pluck.

"I bet you twenty dollars you don't dine at the first house that we come to," said Fred.

I stipulated that it must be the first nice-looking house, because of the dinner, and took the bet.

"How will this do?" asked Fred.

The house we approached was a gray, solid-looking structure, standing back some forty yards from the road. The drive was newly graveled and well rolled, and the green hedges were clipped and cared for. On the whole it gave promise of solid comfort.

I pulled up and Fred hailed a passing boy.

"I'm going in to see you started," he said. "I'm not sure that I won't dine, too."

I thought it rather mean of him to offer to share the glory of my achievement. Besides, Freddie isn't the sort of person the ordinary landowner would ask to dinner on sight. I was about to tell him so, but he went up the graveled drive and rang the bell.

In the interval before it was opened, I mentally framed a number of genial phrases wherewith to attack my prospective host. I had fixed on one or two topics to open with when a little page in a blue suit with gold buttons appeared at the door.

"Is your master at home?" I asked.

The boy first stared and then snickered.

"My what, sir?" he asked.

"Your master, my lad," I replied, in a very dignified tone.

"Haven't got one, sir."

This was rather a staggerer, and I prepared to beat a hasty retreat. The boy, however, continued in a tone of raillery, which suggested that there was some joke which we had in common: "But the missus is; she's in the library, sir, and will you please to come in?"

I heard a scuffling and another snicker behind me, and looking round saw Fred in full retreat.

I had all the sensations of the Roman sentinel. I meant to stick to it, but the prospect no longer glowed.

"Isn't the other gentleman coming in?" asked the page.

I was rather absent-minded. I said, with more force than elegance: "No, confound him," at which the boy stared, but he shut the door and led the way.

For some reason or other I had pictured my host as an old gentleman with two white side-whiskers and gold-rimmed spectacles. I knew exactly what he was to be like, what I was to say, how he was to be frostily surprised at first, and then gradually melt to the charms of my conversation. A lady did not fit into the picture at all. None of my remarks would do for her—they were conceived in a jovial spirit—and I couldn't for the life of me think of any new ones. What possible form of words was there in which one could explain to a single lady, unmarried or widowed, that, being a perfect stranger, one had come to her house with the intention of dining with her? I felt considerably embarrassed, therefore, as I followed the page through the hall. I could feel my heart-beats in my throat.

Thoughts of a wild dash for freedom were forming in my head, when suddenly the boy opened a door and I was obliged to walk in.

Beside a table, on which was a reading lamp, sat an old lady doing crochet work. There was only one thing right about the picture I had formed, and that was the pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. The old lady herself had a quaintly whimsical face, with some masculine lines in it, and a portentous nose.

She did not look up until the boy coughed loudly and ostentatiously.

"Don't do that again," she said. "One would think I was deaf. Well, Gerald?"

I thought at first she was speaking to the boy, but as he left the room without taking any notice, I saw that the remark was addressed to me.

"What are you standing there for?" she continued. "Come here and shake hands. Let me look at you. I wonder whether you have changed much. I can see quite well without my spectacles, but I wear them in the evening when I do fine work, in case I should strain my eyes. No, this isn't fine, of course, but I generally do most delicate and trying work. It is quite a mistake to think that old folks can't see quite as well as young ones. I believe that many of them see better—actually better."

During this apparently inconsequent speech, I was cudgeling my brains for some explanation of my presence. I thought I would not break it to her all at once that I wasn't Gerald. It is very unwise to give old people a shock. I determined therefore to bring the conversation round to the climax in gentle stages, and thinking of nothing better hit upon the weather. What would we do if we didn't have the weather as a topic of conversation?

"It is a fine day," I said.

The old lady put down her work impatiently.

"It isn't fine, I tell you," she said. "But there, I can't hear a word you say. Young people mumble so. It isn't that I'm deaf, because when people talk distinctly I can hear perfectly well. I remember your father was the same, he would mumble on, and no one would hear a word he said."

I started again in a somewhat louder voice: "I happened to be driving in the neighborhood."

"Eh, what! thriving neighborhood? Of course it is, but you didn't come all the way from the Philippines to tell me that, I suppose. That's so like your father, too. He could never keep to a subject. He was no sooner on it than he was off again."

I saw that to correct her was useless. I made a desperate effort to explain.

"I hope you will excuse me," I began.

"Excuse you. Well, I don't know that I shall. We've been waiting for you all day."

I felt a burning desire to shout out: "No, you haven't," but she went calmly on:

"But now that you have come sit down and tell me about the Philippines. When I was a girl nobody went to the Philippines, and now everybody does. Why don't you sit down? No, don't sit over there. I can't see you—yes, there. Now go on. Are there any mosquitoes, and is meat cheap?"

I had sat down. In a moment of weakness information from the endless books on the Philippines rolled into my brain. It did not strike me that I was cutting off my retreat, and identifying myself irredeemably with the absent Gerald, and I gave her a full and particular account of life in our new possessions.

Half of it she did not hear and the other half she did not understand. She made insane interruptions and wandered off into aimless digres-

NEW IDEAS IN SILK SKIRTS.

(Described on page 39.)

sions about not being deaf or short-sighted. I was getting impatient and was just bawling out that I hadn't said anything about "taffy" when the door opened and some one came in. It was a young girl. My first thought was a pleasant one; that she was so pretty, but fast on its track came another. I was an impostor. Here was some one who could hear and could see. In all probability she would know the real Gerald and I should be exposed. If she didn't, it was my duty now to declare myself. Unfortunately, I had shut the door on all that by my reminiscences about the Philippines.

As I rose and faced her, I haven't the least doubt that I looked very uncomfortable indeed. I felt it, at any rate.

"Is that you, Marian?" said the old lady. "Here is Gerald come at last."

It was a moment of some anxiety for me, I can tell you. She looked at me curiously, and over her face came a look of surprise; but finally, to my intense relief, she held out a rather hesitating hand.

"Gerald must excuse me," she said; "it is ten years since I saw him last."

"And is this how you cousins meet each other?" said the old lady. "Good gracious! when I was a girl, I hadn't so much nonsense in my head. Every one used to say that I was a most unaffected girl. Why don't you give him a kiss?"

She was the most embarrassing old lady I have ever seen.

"And what's the matter with Gerald?" she continued. "You stand there like a couple of wax-work figures."

I wore a blush that indicated mingled feelings; the young girl had flushed up too, but she advanced shyly and kissed me.

That settled the matter, of course. It was quite impossible for me to tell a young lady that she had been giving unasked salutations to a perfect stranger. My resolutions to make a bold confession vanished, and I relapsed into the *rôle* of Gerald once again.

"It is dinner time, aunt," said the girl; "are you ready?"

"I've been ready for an hour," replied the old lady, "but there isn't the least necessity to talk so loud. Where are Gerald's things? Show him his room."

I stammered something about having lost my trunk.

"I can't hear a word you say," said the old lady.

The girl looked at me curiously again.

"Gerald has left his trunk behind by mistake," she explained to her aunt.

"Oh, has he?" said the old lady. "Then he must dine as he is, as his father did before him. I remember when I was a girl——"

A flood of reminiscences covered my confusion until dinner was announced and we went in.

It was then that my worst time began. The old lady had apparently had enough of abstract information about the Philippines and wanted the history of my personal connection with that country.

"And what did you do when you left the office at Manila?" she asked.

The niece—what a pretty girl she was, seen by the light of the yellow-shaded lamp—looked up at me with the same look of curiosity. I saw that I should have to proceed with the utmost caution.

"Let me see, that was in——" I began, as though recalling the exact date.

"Well, it's two years ago since you last wrote to me from the Philippines, and you said you had got tired of the office and left it," said the old lady. "That was like your father. As soon as he got tired of anything he dropped it like a hot brick. I remember one day he dropped a hot plate on to the floor, when I was a girl, and it had muffins on it, and your grandfather——"

"Let us hear what Gerald did after he left the office," said the girl, and waited for my answer.

Then I invented Gerald's history during the last two years, and I think it was an artistic creation. He had adventures, but he was not the hero of them. His fortunes varied, but never so as to swing too high or sink too low. He changed his occupations, but was never anything very interesting or out of the way. Once, indeed, I made him drive an up-country team, but that was as a substitute, and I soon had him off the box and doing a little mining. He was not to attract too much curiosity.

Impersonating Gerald had its disadvantages. From the reminiscences, mostly of a most irrelevant nature, which the old lady gave us when she was tired of listening to what she couldn't hear, I gathered that Gerald was not exactly the pride of his family; in fact, he seemed to have been a most disagreeable person altogether, and I began to feel rather hurt that so little, if any, doubt was raised as to our identity.

Marian's experiences of him, which she asked me to verify, in the most embarrassing way, showed clearly that as a boy he had been oblivious of the fact that he had a most charming cousin, to an extent that was little short of criminal. It was annoying for me to have to affect to recollect that I had chased her into the duck-pond somewhere, and then to be asked where it was, which, of course, I was unable to remember. Naturally, I made Gerald a reformed character, but whenever the aunt happened to hear any of the symptoms of sanity and well-doing which I gave him, she was so surprised that I had to refrain from making him reformed altogether.

At first the niece listened to me with some surprise on her face, and, as I fancied, a trace of suspicion, but after I had answered one or two of her very trying questions, a smile came to her lips and her eyes twinkled, and I came to the conclusion that she was perfectly satisfied. At the end of my narrative I was even emboldened to glance at her and say that I (Gerald) often in far off lands thought of home and of the days of my childhood. It was charming to see her look down and bite her lip to keep from smiling.

At last the dinner ended and thoughts of departure rather reluctantly presented themselves; but there was another act of the drama to be played.

The old lady ordered her desk to be opened in the library and, taking her niece's arm, told me to follow them. When the door was closed she seated herself by her lamp, opened her desk, and produced from it a paper, which vaguely recalled a lawyer's office.

Marian and I were standing before her, and for a moment she looked at us over her spectacles, while she called to mind a speech which was evidently carefully prepared.

"It has long been my intention," she said deliberately, "to make an alteration to my will on my seeing my nephew Gerald again and hearing that he is conducting himself as he should. None of the family ever expected very much of him, and up to now I don't think that they have been disappointed. From what I hear now, however, I gather that he is getting on as well as could be expected. I am therefore about to sign the codicil which Mr. Putticker, my lawyer, has prepared for me. If there is anything wrong about it you must blame him. I never did believe much in lawyers since the day when my father sued the vestry over a carriage accident."

She was about to wander off into a fresh track of reminiscence when her eyes caught the paper in her hand.

"I will read you the codicil. Marian, these spectacles are much too strong; they don't help me in the least. These lamps give no light at all, either. Light the candles as well . . . Let me see.

" 'I, Susan Ann Trowbridge, spinster, of Parberry Lodge, Islip, Queens County, State of New York, hereby declare this to be a codicil to my will which bears date the 15th day of November'—it is November, I suppose; it might be December, they write so badly—'1894. I hereby bequeath a legacy of $40,000 to my nephew Gerald Laughton Trowbridge in addition to the legacy of $500 given to him by my said will and I revoke the legacy of $20,000 thereby given to my niece Marian Alton and the legacy of $10,000 thereby given to the Society of Presbyterian Missionaries. In witness whereof I, the said Susan Ann Trowbridge, have hereunto set my hand'—and then comes the date—'Signed by the above-named testatrix as a codicil to her last will in the presence of us present at the same time, who in her presence and at her request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses'—and a nice rigmarole, too. Give me the ink and a pen."

I listened in a sort of stupefied way. Things were getting rather too complicated for my understanding.

"But this is depriving—er—Marian of her legacy?" I stammered out.

"That's no business of yours," said the old lady. "Marian has a share of residue, or whatever they call it, which is quite enough for her. You need not worry."

I turned to Marian. She looked at me curiously.

"As aunt says," she said in a low voice, "it is no business of yours."

Deaf people always hear things said in a low voice, especially if they are not intended to.

"And therefore come and witness it, you two," said the old lady. "Mr. Putticker said there must be two."

I thought a moment. I could make the thing useless by keeping silent and doing as the old lady desired, but then what right had I to deprive the absent Gerald of the legacy intended for him? And what right had I to sign his name? That was the rub.

"If you are determined on this," I began.

"Gracious! of course I am," said the old lady.

"You may as well make it legal," I said. "We cannot witness it. Mr. Putticker should have told you that the witnesses must be people who don't benefit under the will."

I thought that might put off the signing, at any rate. In all probability the old lady had remembered her servants in her will. However she said at once—

"Call the two new girls, Marian."

So Marian called them and the codicil was witnessed.

When the servants entered, the old lady telling them to go to bed, I felt it incumbent on me, in the character of Gerald; to say something.

"I am very grateful to you, aunt," I said.

But she was not listening. Talk of wills makes old people thoughtful, and she was looking absently before her, and I noticed that she was really very old.

"You are tired, aunt," said the niece, going up to her.

"Tired!" said the old lady. "What ridiculous nonsense! But I suppose unless I go to bed you young people will be sitting up all night. Put the paper in the desk. Thank you, my dear."

She got up, and taking Marian's arm and wishing me "good-night," left the room. I was free to go, but somehow I waited. My new cousin had not said "good-night." Soon a light footstep came along the passage and she entered. At once she came toward me and said—

"You are not the real Gerald?"

(Continued on page 17.)

GOWNS OF LAWN AND FOULARD.

(Described on page 39.)

Mid-Summer Millinery and Accessories.

IT seems as if the all-white hat has the same place in Summer millinery as the all-black one possesses for cold weather. It may be worn with any of the light, airy gowns that women delight in during the hot Summer months, and has a dainty freshness about it that cannot be found in any combination of colors. Almost every kind of flower, whether it exists in Nature or not, comes in white to trim these hats. Some are of velvet, others of silk and chiffon, while the larger flowers like roses and poppies are made of sheer gauze.

Quantities of laces, white, ecru or black, are disposed gracefully upon the more elegant hats, and quite often white crochet is associated with black and makes a sharp but pleasing contrast for an all-white hat. Oriental lace has returned to favor and may be had in a variety of patterns; it is quite a pretty lace, but does not, of course, compare with Irish crochet either in point of elegance or beauty.

* * *

No one would ever have thought that the sailor hat would be so worn and so completely wiped from the face of the fashionable earth as is actually the case, and probably we would all still be wearing sailors were not the tricorne, which has come to take its place, so jaunty and becoming. And for outing wear the shirt waist hat is extremely smart and modish.

Pretty Tuscan straw in a deep shade of écru combines well with the peculiar tint of green that is enjoying such an extraordinary vogue this Summer, although, truth to tell, it is most trying to the majority of complexions; it is best becoming to the girl with a clear, slightly tanned skin, as the very pale girls look altogether too ghastly. Yet it is the most prominent color of the season and is seen in millinery as well as in sunshades, veils, belts and fancy collars. It is not unusual to see green birds or wings adorning a chapeau and then a veil in the same tint of green forming soft clouds above the face.

Shirt waist hats are developed in strictly tailor-made style without flowers, lace or adornment of any kind, except many yards of ribbon formed into large bows or rosettes. Occasionally one sees a quill, a wing or two, or an entire bird, but everything looks very severe, as it should be on a hat that is used exclusively for outings and early morning wear.

* * *

Once again the cherry has put in its appearance as a trimming for millinery, and bunches trim many of the burnt straw hats, tied with red velvet ribbon; and distinctly pretty they are. Some milliners combine cherry blossoms with the cherry in a manner scarcely justified by Nature, but certainly not only permissible but quaint in head gear. August hats on the whole are bold and daring, straws are coarse and rough, and all sorts of demi-season materials are used, tulle, foliage, horsehair, chiffon, etc.

Especially pretty and becoming are the large hats with wide brims drooping in back and front, a sort of Shepherdess effect, garnished with loops of ribbon and plaitings of lace.

Hats of coarse linen canvas are among the fashionable serviceable models, and are bound with brown, green or black velvet, simply trimmed with a bow of the material and, of course, the inevitable green veil. Round hats are seen more than the tricorne, which is also procurable in this material.

Charming hats are fashioned of linen batiste and fancy straw braid, usually black. The batiste is draped around the frame and over the flat crown, and the brim is made of the straw braid, either plain or edged with Chantilly.

* * *

Tassels of silk, wool and various kinds of threads to accord with the different gowns are a form of dress trimming seen on many imported models, and are used both with and without the combination of cords and with very tiny rosettes of silk at the head. They will be used to advantage as a garnish for the facing of many of the long coats whose fronts turn back in wide revers and are further enchanced with fine soutache braiding.

Lace mitts and openwork silk gloves are some of the nice surprises Dame Fashion has had in store for us without giving us an inkling earlier in the season how good she meant to be to us in these glowing August days. Black ones are prettiest of course, although for the elbow-sleeved waist of sheer lawn, long white lace mitts are not only pretty but very stylish. For ordinary wear lisle thread and silk gloves are liked, but for dress occasions the washable chamois glove or the suède is to be preferred.

* * *

Whole volumes could be written on the assortment of fans that have been gotten up for the Summer girl's use. Fans seem such a necessary adjunct to the Summer costume, and in this season the effort to have them harmorize with, if not match, the gown is more apparent than ever. Of course for general wear the ever-popular Japanese paper fan is seen on all sides, and from China comes the custom of having friends and visitors write their names on the winsome girl's fan, and they are more highly prized than costlier fans of lace and gauze, especially if some pretty sentiment is used—i.e., a sketch, an original verse or some appropriate quotation, instead of the mere name.

Lace fans are very modish, also gauze fans inset with lace medallions, or hand painted chiffon squares or ovals showing some pretty Rococco or Watteau scene on a white ground. Others show flower sprays or tiny cupids sporting among fleecy clouds and so all tastes may be satisfied. The same may be said of the size, for both large and small fans are fashionable.

* * *

A neck ruche of some kind is absolutely necessary to complete a stylish toilette. Large varieties of these dainty neck trimmings are shown, white being the most prominent. All-white is seen quite as much as the white boa mingled with black, which affords a strong contrast. Black lace motifs on white chiffon are very effective and black Chantilly edging is seen on some of the chiffon and net ruches. The smartest ones are made with long fluffy ends, which have the advantage of adding considerably to the height of the wearer, as the ends almost reach the hem of the gown.

Parasols are dainty, airy masses of chiffon, mousseline and lace and quite a novelty in taffeta shows the entire parasol covered with ruches of very narrow lace, either white or black. White is also the preferred color for elegant parasols as it will harmonize perfectly with almost any fabric. Next to the white comes the green coaching parasol used for all ordinary occasions. Handles are rather longer than last season and natural wood is used for the coaching parasol, while the costlier handles are exquisite beyond description, gold, silver, jewels and chasing all adding their quota to the charming whole.

HANDSOME SILK WAISTS.

(Described on page 41.)

HOW I WON MY WAGER.

(Continued from page 13.)

And I thought she had been taken in! "What's to happen now?" I thought. "Shall I bluster it out?"

"What on earth makes you think that?" I said.

"His photograph," she replied.

She held one hand behind her back, and now she brought it forward with the photograph. It was the portrait of a most unprepossessing boy of twelve.

"It isn't a bit like," she said, "is it?" It wasn't; I couldn't say it was. "Besides," she continued.

"Well, what besides?" I asked.

"He is, or was, a most disagreeable person."

She made no deduction from the premises, and I was pleased to imagine one.

"I suspected you at dinner," she went on.

"Not before?" I suggested.

"Of course not," she replied, and looked angry.

"And now what are you going to do?" I said.

She turned from me and walked toward the door.

"Naturally, I am going to tell some one to fetch in a policeman. There is always one at the corner."

She did not go very fast, though.

"Ah, well!" I said, "it was worth it."

She stopped.

"How provoking!" she said. "The servants have all gone to bed, and I suppose if I go for him myself you won't wait."

"Perhaps I might," I said.

She looked at me and smiled. "I don't think I'll trust you," she said.

"Are you very much alarmed for the safety of the spoons and things?" I asked.

"Do you know," she replied, "somehow I am not. Oh, don't be flattered. My only reason for not thinking you a hardened criminal is that you looked so desperately frightened all the time."

"I don't believe I did a bit," I retorted stoutly. "I enjoyed it awfully. But, I say, why didn't you show me up? Why did you let her sign the codicil? Why——"

"You're much too inquisitive for a man," she interrupted. "You should leave that to us. At the present moment, for instance, I am rather curious as to who you are."

"I am——" I began, but my next word was drowned by a loud banging at the front door.

She started. "It may be the real Gerald," she said. "In fact, who else could it be?"

For a moment we stood irresolute, and then she said—

"I must hide you somewhere, while I let him in. Then when he is inside the room, you can go down the passage and out by the front door. I will leave it unlocked."

As she said this she led me a few steps down the passage and into a dark room. I only had time to say "good-by," for we heard another knock, and she hurried away to the front door.

Then I heard the door open and a man's voice speaking in answer to hers, but I did not catch any of his words till they reached the door of the library. Then I heard him say—

"It was all that fool Putticker. He never sent the letter on till to-day. But I say, are you really Marian? Do you remember how I used to call you——"

But then the library door shut. Only a few moments, however, elapsed before it was opened again and Marian came out. She closed the door behind her, hesitated for a moment with her face turned in the direction of the room in which I was, and then went upstairs.

I stepped out of my place of concealment and watched her disappear. For some reason or another I was disappointed. I thought she would have come to say "good-by" again.

I heard her door bang up on the first floor and, like a fool, stood waiting in the passage. I was woolgathering, I suppose, for the library door had opened, and I was face to face with the real Gerald before I could collect my senses.

"Hullo!" he said.

I could think of nothing better to say than "Hullo!" in reply.

"Who the deuce are you?" he asked.

He spoke loudly and I was afraid of his waking the household, so I walked into the library. He followed me—

"Well?" he said loudly again.

"Shut the door," I said. He did so without thinking, then asked me "Why?"

"You'll wake everybody up," I said.

"And that wouldn't suit you, eh?" he rejoined. "Don't they know you're here?"

"Yes, yes," I said with perfect truth—"but——"

"But you don't want them reminded of the fact. You are staying the night, I suppose. They tell me all the servants have gone to bed."

"Confound the fellow," I thought, "I shall have to explain."

"Look here——" I said, and then I groped about for words.

"Look here!" he repeated. "All this seems very peculiar. You're here for no particular reason, the servants have gone to bed, you don't want any one wakened. I mean to get at the bottom of it."

He stepped towards the fireplace, beside which the bellhandle was. As he did so he stood in the light, and I could see what manner of man he was. I did not see much to admire, but the peculiar thing in him was that, though his portrait as a boy of twelve was not anything like I ever was, his general appearance now was not so very unlike my own. He was clean shaven, as I was, his hair was parted in the same way and, by chance, he too was dressed in blue serge. He seemed younger, and, as I thought, rather dissipated. I made these points of distinction. At the present moment he looked particularly afraid, and so perhaps did I.

"Are you going to ring that bell?" I asked.

"I am," he said.

"I'm hanged if you shall," I exclaimed.

"You're here for no good," he replied. "One doesn't need half an eye to see that, and I'm not going to have burglars in my aunt's house without——"

Of course, it must have looked rather like that, but the word upset my temper.

"What did you call me?" I cried out, hotly.

"Burglar," he repeated, and I could see he thought so, too, for he looked as though the bluster wouldn't hold out much longer.

"It's an infernal lie," I said.

"Then I will ring the bell and you shall prove it," he replied, and his hand trembled on the bell.

"You shan't," I said.

"What's to prevent me?" he answered.

When I said "You shan't," my hand struck the wooden desk that was on the table near the lamp, and that gave me an idea. I whipped up the lid, took out the paper on which was the codicil, and held it out towards him.

"That paper is worth $40,000 to you," I said.

"What do you mean?" he asked, with a look of astonishment.

I read it out to him slowly.

"Let me see," he said, and made a snatch at it.

"No, no, you don't," I replied. "Now I'll tell you what I'll do. If you don't let me out by the front door at once, I'll throw this paper on the fire."

"You daren't do it," he said. "You daren't do it. It's a crime. You could get any number of years for it."

"I will, unless you let me go without a fuss," I replied. "Come now, it's a bargain."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe it's a codicil at all. I don't believe a word of it. It's a trick of yours to escape."

"You've called me a liar twice," I said. "I've half a mind to tear it up, whether you ring the bell or not. Why should you cut that nice girl out of her $10,000? Upon my soul I'll——"

I stopped, for his eyes had traveled towards the door. Mine went there too, and there stood Marian on the threshold.

She took in the situation at a glance.

"Ah," she said, looking at me. "So you haven't gone yet after all?"

"Who is this?" cried Gerald, angrily, pointing at me.

Marian smiled. It was rather a difficult question for her to answer.

"A friend of yours?" he continued.

"Of course," she replied.

"And what is he doing here?" he asked.

"He has been helping my aunt to alter her will," she replied still smiling. "You ought to be grateful, Gerald."

Gerald bit his lip and said nothing, while I collected my dignity and walked to the door. Marian followed me.

"May I come again?" I whispered.

"Here?" she said, "Of course not."

I suppose I looked disappointed.

"There is a polo match near here on Saturday," she said as she opened the front door.

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ATTRACTIVE SUMMER TEA GOWNS.

(Described on page 41.)

"And do you take any interest in polo?" I asked.

"I hardly ever miss a match," she said. "Good-bye."

And so I went to the polo match on Saturday and Marian was there, too, by chance. She told me that Miss Trowbridge had been inclined to be surprised when she saw and heard the real Gerald in the morning, but a hint that perhaps failing sight and sense of hearing made him seem different to the person who dined with her the night before had silenced all suspicions. There were other things we talked of, too, but they do not belong to this story.

And now—but I hear an approaching footstep, and my wife always says she will tear up this story if ever she sees it written down in cold black and white.

MILLIE'S BURGLAR.

(Continued from page 5.)

the breeze upon his face. The shock of this discovery almost stopped his breath for the moment, but he recovered himself with a gallant effort and crept cautiously onward.

And then suddenly his worst fears were realized; half hidden behind the door he detected a lurking figure watching his approach. Immediate action was necessary—there was no time for hesitation. Emerson raised his revolver with a moderately steady hand and said:

"Come out of that, or I fire!"

His voice sounded in his ears like that of a ghost, curiously thin and strained. For a moment there was no reply to the summons. The pistol wavered in his hand. Should he risk it and pull the trigger?

Bang! His adversary had taken advantage of his hesitation. Something whistled over his head and struck the wall behind. The shock startled him into pulling the trigger. Bang! A crash of falling plaster and a faint shriek from above; he had fired into the ceiling. He pointed the pistol at the door and fired three more shots in rapid succession without waiting to see the effect. Then a reaction of terror set in, and he ran hastily from the room in disgraceful retreat.

On the stairs he paused. He could not go back like this. At any cost he must see what had really happened. Perhaps he had killed the intruder; more probably he had frightened him into flight. He began to feel a burning shame at his nervousness. Was he really such a coward, after all? There were no signs of pursuit. He reflected that there should be two cartridges left in the revolver. He fumbled for a match box on the table at the foot of the stairs, found it, and lit a candle. Filled with high resolve, he marched boldly into the kitchen again. The door of the storeroom was closed, but from underneath appeared a dark stain, slowly widening over the kitchen oilcloth. The sight made him shake like a leaf. What was on the other side? No doubt a lifeless corpse, dead by his hand.

"In the name of common humanity," said Emerson to himself, with quivering lips. He stepped carefully over the crimson pool and set his shoulder against the door. It opened readily.

An extraordinary sight met his eyes as he shielded his candle from the breeze that came through the shattered window, and gazed around the room. There was no body on the floor, but walls and floor and ceiling were covered with patches of blood. Whoever had been the intruder must have been terribly wounded. Poor fellow! In all probability he had dragged himself out of the window again to die in peace outside. Emerson turned to the window when his eye was arrested by Mary's shawl and hat hanging upon the inside of the door. A sudden thought struck him; he crossed rapidly and examined it. Touching the cloth his fingers came in contact with some sticky substance. Instinctively he raised them to his lips. The taste was curiously sweet.

At that moment another violent explosion took place, and a fifth jar of the famous raspberry jam despatched its contents with a charming impartiality over ceiling and walls and the person of the unfortunate Emerson. When he recovered from the shock he laughed aloud with a curious mixture of relief and bitterness. It is something to his credit that in explaining matters upstairs he did not make himself out a flawless hero. He confessed to having felt rather nervous.

"I think you were awfully brave, sweetheart, to fire off that old thing," said Mrs. Emerson. "You might easily have shot yourself, or Mary, or something."

"I shot several things, I fancy," he replied, with a return of cheerfulness.

"I was so frightened," she added rather inconsequently. "I suppose it must have been the hot weather."

The story is now considered one of Emerson's best after-dinner efforts. But he will admit (if you ask him point blank) that it was not exactly humorous at the time. And so you and I would think if we had been in the same boat.

THE AMERICAN FIGURE.

There is one point of the feminine figure which is always particularly cared for by the designer of American costumes, and that is the line from the waist to the knee. The Frenchwomen are "hipless" compared to the American girl. The graceful, full and rounded lines of the well-formed American girl is a subject of envy, and the Frenchwoman uses pads to simulate that particular outline which makes the American tailor-made girl artistically graceful.

Picturesque, and deservedly so, were the flowing robes and purple- and scarlet-hemmed togas of the ancients. Naturally, however, they would appeal less strongly to the people of this utilitarian age, for the reason that they would render practically impossible many of the pursuits of the present day. Now, so small a thing as the button has to a great extent revolutionized dress in that it has provided us a means whereby our garments may be made more convenient and useful. It was not until the time of Elizabeth that buttons were manufactured to any great extent. The great majority of buttons are of course useful rather than ornamental, although many serve both purposes equally well. Buttons, to be useful, are not for a moment to be thought of without buttonholes. Now, if milord is to have handsome buttons on his waistcoat and milady equally handsome ones on her gown, the buttonholes must also be things of beauty. Necessarily, then, they will be worked with Corticelli buttonhole twist. This twist in the hands of a clever worker will as a matter of course produce a buttonhole which will be as truly beautiful as it is useful. Corticelli buttonhole twist has become the synonym for superiority. Its quality is unequaled and it comes in every shade in which the sewing silk is made.

WHERE THE QUIET GIRL PLAYS A PART.

The quiet girl never wears a high collar in the streets. You do not see her flaunting in brilliant checks when they happen to be in style. When high hats are "in," she does not pile hers so high that it sweeps the cobwebs from the sky. She does not wear the longest train to her tea gown nor the greatest number of bangles when bangles reign.

But because she does not chatter and giggle and make herself conspicuous at matinees, does not announce her convictions on all occasions on all subjects and profess her admiration at every hand's turn it must not be supposed that she has no ideas or convictions or enthusiasms. She is quiet because she has no power to make herself heard, to change her condition or because she is maturing that power.

In the meantime it is the quiet girl who marries earliest, who makes the best match, who fills the niches which her more brilliant sisters leave vacant, who manages the servants, runs the sewing machine, remembers the birthdays, listens to the reminiscences of the old and often keeps the wolf from the door.

JOHNNY KNEW.

The class was reciting, and little Johnny Fellows was the last one on the line. The teacher started with the head and asked what was the feminine of "hero."

No. 1 shook her head. It passed to No. 2. She missed it, and so did No. 3. As it came nearer and nearer to Johnny he became very much excited, apparently knowing the answer, and waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Johnny," said the teacher at last, "everybody has missed. Now, can you tell me the feminine of hero?"

"Shero!" shouted Johnny exultingly.

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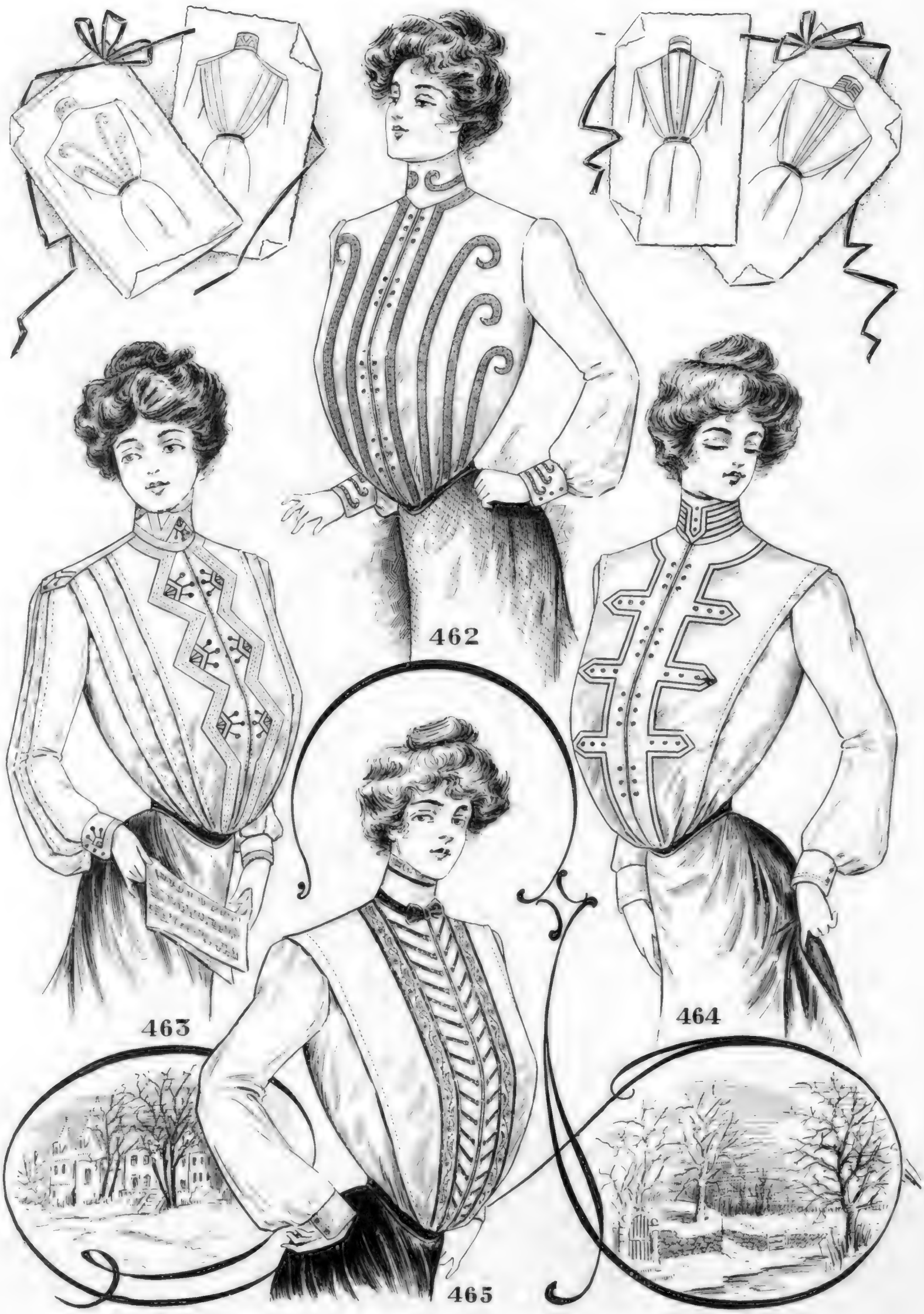

ADVANCE STYLES IN FLANNEL WAISTS.

(Described on page 41.)

FOR SUMMER HOME MAKERS.

THIS page is designed for the woman whose energies are at present bent upon furnishing her Summer home in the most charming possible style for the least possible money. Her name is legion. She is studying the aesthetic possibilities of abandoned farm houses; she is pitching hammocks in the lofts of log cabins high up the mountain side and she is engaged in the congenial task of making broad piazzas and narrow rooms homelike. Nowadays the wise woman regards a Summer home not so much a luxury as a necessity. She does not call it an extravagance to indulge in one, but a duty. She has discovered that there are quiet, beautiful places where she may rent a house for a whole season for the same sum a hotel-keeper would charge her for a week's stay in his establishment.

This instructive tale will teach many women how to furnish their Summer dining rooms on next to nothing, by telling how one woman accomplished that feat last year. When she reached her Summer home she found the dining room with a beautiful view through a wide bay window at one end, a hopelessly bad floor and a dirty wall. It happened to be a dark day when she arrived, and the dining room was a little gloomy. She decided that it must be brightened. So she sent for rolls of cheap paper with plenty of daffodils on it and a can of prepared yellow paint.

The yellow paint soon made the window sills and doors seem like imprisoned sunlight and the floor caught the prevailing hue and was a brilliant affair in the same yellow. Buff shades were hung at the window and long sheer curtains of white muslin tied with yellow cords let the sunlight filter through.

She found, this ingenious woman, an old kitchen safe, with flapping tin doors and grimy woodwork. She scraped the woodwork, painted it the inevitable yellow, and had the village glazier substitute glass doors which fastened for tin ones which didn't. Beneath the closet portion of the safe she had a couple of shelves placed. These she also painted. In the safe she hung her blue cups and stood her blue saucers and plates. On the shelves below she placed a couple of heavy salad bowls and a platter or two. The Japanese blue and the bright yellow made a most effective combination, and the clever little woman's china cabinet was admired far and near.

Her dining room table was the regulation extension one, and as it was always decorously hidden beneath either its spotless damask or its embroidered blue denim cover, no one ever knew that it was a sadly disfigured walnut article from a second-hand shop. The serving table, which stood in the corner near the passage-way to the kitchen, made no pretense of being anything but a small-sized kitchen table. Its bright yellow legs supported it bravely, and its unassumingly yellow top was covered by a linen cloth all embroidered in wonderful blue bachelor's buttons. The half-dozen dining room chairs, which stood about the room, were the only furnishings which the designer of the dining room purchased outright and new.

Along with the blue china hanging in the improvised cabinet there was a goodly array of glittering silver—a cake basket, a tea set and the customary array of spoons. Sometimes people wondered that the impecunious little woman dared carry so much silver with her into the country where thieves might break in and steal, and policemen be none the wiser. To those who wondered thus aloud the impecunious little woman always frankly confessed that her silver was plated. It was bright to look upon, for it was never allowed to become dull or worn; and its owner declared it gave her all the pleasure of silver with none of its worry. "I use plated ware on my vacations," she was wont to say, "just as I do tin on picnics, and it saves me a great deal of anxiety." Which is, perhaps, not the least helpful of the impecunious woman's Summer dining room hints.

* * *

It is not a large room, the library of the Summer cottage. Why should it be, when books are in the running brooks, and the running brooks are near by? But what it lacks in size it makes up in its daintiness and in the care with which its belongings are chosen.

The floor of the little room is covered with old blue denim, neatly stretched. The walls are covered with gray-blue cartridge paper and are closely hung above the bookcases with pictures. There are poets, essayists, novelists and humorists by the score. There are the places where these benefactors of mankind lived and worked. An expensive collection? Not at all. It is merely the collection of a magazine reader who has religiously cut out the engravings of her favorites and their haunts, had them mounted in pairs or trios or singly and framed in the simple passe-partout style. Here and there are medallions—sad-visaged Dante, beneficent Shakespeare and others. Those she purchased for a quarter apiece at an art students' supply store. They are plaster of Paris, but they gave an air of distinction to the little room. The bust of Apollo, in the dark corner, is also plaster of Paris, and so are the Minerva, above the desk in the corner, and Venus of Milo, on the mantel shelf.

The rows of book-shelves are built from the floor to a height of about four feet on both sides of the fireplace. Built is scarcely the proper word, for they consist of neatly fitted and painted soap boxes resting on their sides. A brass rod about the top supports a little curtain of old blue silkoline, with brown pine cones meandering over it. The top of the bookcase is gay with a bowl of wild flowers, some blue china, a photograph or two in a silver frame.

In the center of the room a broad kitchen table conceals its ignoble origin beneath a cover of a dull blue felt. There are magazines piled high on the table, the inevitable bowl of flowers and a reading lamp with a blue shade that casts a restful light over the reader's shoulder. Two comfortable steamer chairs are drawn up on either side of the table. There is a lounge piled with cushions in every imaginable shade of blue under the window. Set anglewise in the corner is a desk—a $3.50 desk—stacked with all the accessories of polite correspondence.

The curtains at the windows are long ones of blue denim. They are generally drawn back and hang in long, graceful folds against the wall. The portière which divides the library from the drawing room beyond is blue denim on the library side and old pink on the drawing room side. The tall screen that shields the reader from chance blasts is also of denim.

* * *

The bed rooms should approach the condition of primitive simplicity as far as possible, excepting perhaps the guests' chambers. A visitor frequently wishes to use her sleeping room as a sitting room also, and therefore does not enjoy a Spartan severity of style in furnishings.

The floors should be bare, except for a rug before the bed and before the washstand. They should be painted a dark-brown and waxed. A brown wood floor shows dust with startling rapidity, and as dust is particulary unwholesome in a sleeping room, the sooner it is seen and disposed of the better. The walls are very pretty if they remain rough-plastered. The smooth, white finish is not desirable, being more glaring and not as picturesque as the softer tone of the unfinished plaster. Pictures should be few and should be favorites. Nothing is more maddening than to be in bed and gaze upon a multitude of trifling things.

The bedstead should be of iron painted white. The washstand may also be of white iron and may be concealed behind a screen in green and white. The dressing table may be a home-made box affair, with white muslin frils and cover, and a mirror above, or it can be made more elaborate—just according to the purse. A long, deep box covered with cretonne, which will hold dresses and also form a seat, a steamer chair or a straight-backed chair and a chest of drawers complete the necessary furnishings.

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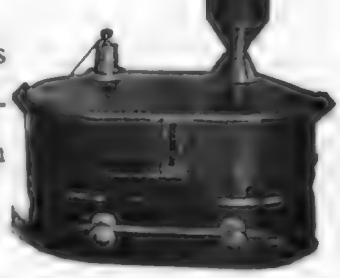

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(Described on page 41.)

IN MOTHERLAND.

BASSINETS FOR THE BABY.

WHERE baby shall sleep from the very first day of his appearance is a subject upon which far too little thought is usually expended. The mother either has the child sleep with her or else upon a pillow beside the mother's bed. Both these places for baby's sleep are objectionable. In the first place, no baby should lie under the same covers as the mother. Not only is she apt to turn upon it and thus injure it unawares, but if he is a nursing baby he will soon acquire the habit of demanding food at frequent intervals the night through. The pillow is just as bad. It is altogether too soft to support the weak little back, and it does not admit of baby's being tucked in as snugly as is desirable when he first appears. Some mothers lay their child in the carriage. This would do at a pinch for a while, if it contained a mattress laid upon a pillow, in order to raise it high enough to give the baby air, but he should not be put in the bottom of the carriage or upon a pillow alone. Some mothers use the crib right from the beginning. This, of course, is all right, but it is not so desirable at the outset, as it is a trifle too large to allow of the close tucking spoken of above, and as it gives no sort of support to the weak frame.

Nothing can be found that is better for all-round purposes than the willow bassinet. This comes in several sizes, is very light, and rests upon a small stand, from which it can be lifted at will. It has the advantage of being light and portable, and therefore convenient to carry the baby about in without disturbing him.

For the mother who feels that she cannot afford a bassinet, the clothes basket is recommended as an excellent substitute. But care should be exercised in selecting it to get one with sides not too high, and, if possible, with sides of very open weaving. If this is not practicable the mattress can be raised high in the basket, resting upon a pillow which lifts it almost to the top.

But whether the mother elects to have the crib at once or chooses the bassinet, the arrangement of the bed should be the same in either case. First of all, there must be a mattress of soft hair. This is essential. Pillows are not fit for baby to lie upon. His back needs a firm support. He should not lie upon a pillow even in the carriage when later he is taken out. A small mattress can be fitted to the carriage and sometimes the one for the bassinet will fit the carriage.

Over the mattress should be laid a piece of rubber cloth to cover its entire width and about eighteen inches in length. This is not necessary during the first few months of life. It is only when baby is old enough to roll and move about freely in his crib that this becomes desirable. Over the mattress, then, is laid the sheet of muslin or linen, upon which rests a small, thin pillow of feathers or hair, preferably the latter, covered with a linen case. Over the sheet, in the center, just below the pillow, is placed the pad. This is made of the very best quality of Turkish toweling, and about twelve inches square. It is fastened with buttons or tapes. Into it is slipped a doubled piece of rubber cloth. This will prevent moisture penetrating to the sheet. Now come the second sheet and the crib blankets. These may be the knitted blankets of cream white yarn, the softly quilted cheesecloth blankets, with corded wool or cotton between, or, for the more fortunate baby, the comfortable of down. One of the comfortables or a pair of blankets ought to be enough, unless the temperature be very low.

Have everything about the bed spotless. Change the bedding morning and evening. Have plenty of pads. Hang the night bedding in the sun to air each day. Never put a thing back upon the bed if it becomes the least bit soiled. Sponge the rubber cloth off every day with a two per cent. solution of carbolic acid.

It is sad to see in the parks on a summer day the hot and soiled feather pillows upon which babies are expected to go peacefully to repose. The carriage canopy is let down over the little faces, excluding all the air, and the inexperienced child nurses roll the carriages about interminably, wondering why the children cry so incessantly. And what a pleasing contrast is the cooing, clean, smiling babe, who lies in his spotless bassinet or carriage, and kicks contentedly at you, or falls to sleep quite unconscious of any desire to be rocked or soothed to slumber because Nature has been allowed to assert herself.

Never put baby into a cradle, and never acquire the habit of rocking or singing him to sleep. Just lay him down. Then you will not need to waste hours later on in getting him to sleep and teaching him to go to sleep of his own accord, like a rational bit of humanity.

* * *

Mothers, in teaching their little ones how to walk, do not stop to think how the bones grow. The bones in a baby's legs are soft, half cartilaginous and very easily bent out of their proper shape. Care should be taken not to allow a child to walk too soon, and, above all, not to keep him on his feet for too long a time, or when he is at all tired. When he is ready he will try of his own accord, and he generally knows what he is about.

Urging a child to walk prematurely is productive of lasting injury, as bow legs are only too easily formed. Let a child creep as long as he wants to. Give him plenty of room to kick around in and he will be strengthening his muscles and getting ready for work. Suppose he is backward about walking, what difference does it make? A child who follows his own ideas in learning to walk will succeed much better and learn self-reliance at the same time.

The same rule holds good in sitting up. If he is forced to sit up too soon it will have a tendency to weaken his back and interfere with his growth. Older children should be taught to sit erect. When tired, insist upon a child lying down instead of sliding down in the chair until he is literally sitting on the end of his spine. Such a habit is easily formed and hard to correct, resulting in a poor carriage, bad form and narrow chest.

If you observe such a child you will find he suffers from dizziness and headaches, as the curved form of the spine results in a pulling of the muscles at the back of the neck, and the difficulty is certain to be removed if the child is taught to sit properly.

No household where there are children should be without olive oil, for it is an invaluable medicine in certain cases. For a weakly child or one who is recovering from typhoid fever, olive oil will sometimes work wonders. The plan is to rub the oil over the whole of the child's body, taking a few drops at a time in the palm of the hand. The nourishment thus absorbed through the skin will be of immense service in building up the child's strength. When a child is suffering from a severe cold it is a good plan to omit the daily bath and to rub the back and chest with olive oil. To insure against the danger of further cold the child should be wrapped in a blanket and carefully screened from draughts while the rubbing is being done. A threatening of croup will often end in a threatening only if oil and camphor be applied to the child's chest. The method is to saturate a piece of flannel, sprinkle it with a little powdered camphor and apply it to the chest and throat as warm as it can be borne. Cover with a piece of dry flannel and change as soon as cold.

* * *

Every pleasure presupposes some sort of activity.—Schopenhauer.

Love and friendship exclude each other.—Du Coeur.

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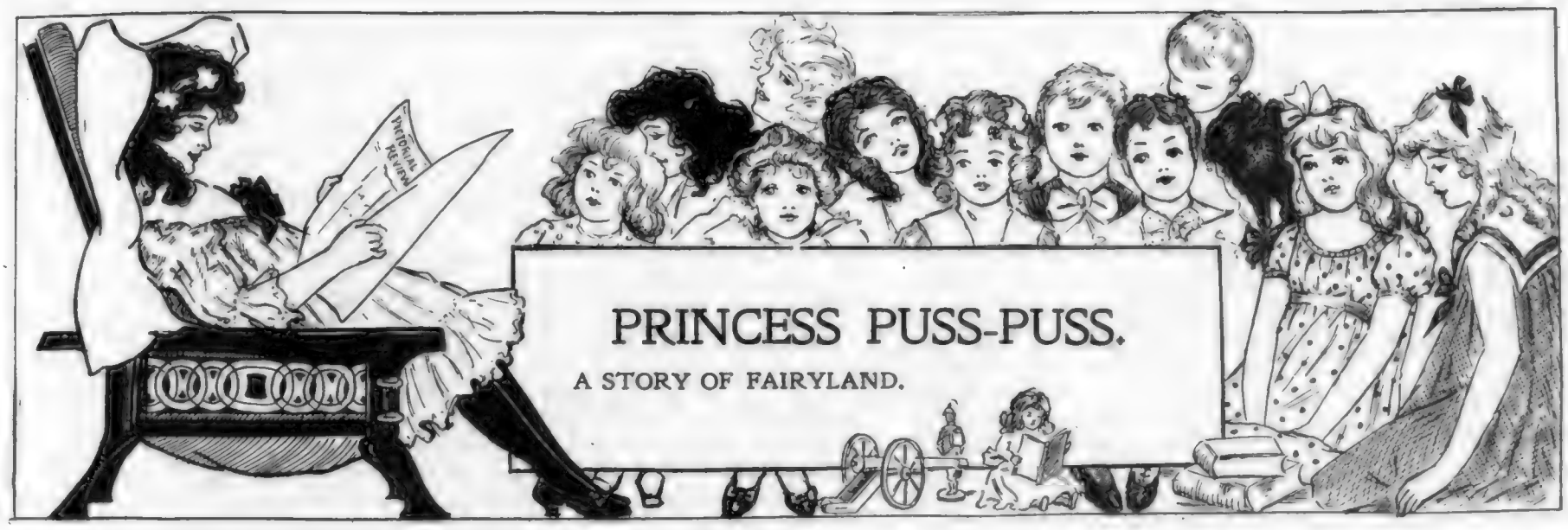


PRINCESS PUSS-PUSS.

A STORY OF FAIRYLAND.

LISTEN! Listen! Listen! All those who sit by the window and watch the dancing sunbeams play at hide and seek with the leafy trees which often take shape and conjure bright pictures of things half-forgotten, half-imagined, flashing snap-shots of what has been or what may be. Listen to the story of a little boy called Noddy Tommy. It is easy to understand how a dreamy disposition earned this nickname. He was good enough in lesson time (but then all little boys, and little girls too, are good then), but out of it, oh! he was ever in Cloudland, ever far away in his lazy thoughts, weaving fancies, I presume, and I am about to tell you what one day happened to him.

Deep down in the valley stands the large gray house, with its calm, solid expression, in which Tommy lives. It is surrounded with the biggest trees you can imagine, all covered with nice green leaves, and behind the house is the prettiest orchard that ever you have seen—quite worth looking for.

In one wing of the building is Tommy's cheery nursery and he is sitting in his comfortable rocking-chair by the open window. All afternoon he has been playing, chasing butterflies or spinning his top, which has made him quite snoozy, and, if I am to speak the truth, he is blinking away hard to keep awake. Of course, he denies this; little boys and little girls, when they should go to bed, always say that they are not sleepy, and Noddy Tommy declares he's "not going to bed just yet, because it's much too jolly by the window, trying to make his white kitten catch the pretty ball of pink string that he bought with his very own money, three precious pennies saved for weeks." Now pussy has the ball and pulls it with a fierce jerk, which makes my little friend sit up, and what does he see?

Oh, wonder of wonders!

There, on the shelf, the toy sentinel that Uncle Harry gave him at Christmas is calmly walking out of his box and is shaking hands with Noah, who, instead of peeping as usual out of his ark, is chatting no end about the animals, complains that he "is so crowded up," and, goodness, what surprises! there's Santa Claus' last gift, the tiny train, steaming along in the china cupboard, where nurse had put it for saftey. The toy soldiers too are forming a line and are preparing to meet the enemy, and the music box, the old cranky one that has been dumb, owing to internal disorders, for months, is tinkling the sweetest tunes. You never saw such fun. Every insignificant toy suddenly comes to life. Why, the very tops are humming low ditties and behave with scant dignity, twirling round and bumping all the other objects. Noddy Tommy was in luck this evening, because when he had recovered a little from his delightful astonishment he turned to his purring playmate and cried: "Look, pussy, isn't this splendid?" but there, before his very eyes, pussy, without any sort of warning or apology, so unlike a cat, changed into a fairy—a tall, lovely fairy in skirts of white and silver, silken stockings and satin shoes—a fairy with the merriest, sauciest face, and round her throat she wore a pale blue ribbon, with a bell hanging from it like the one pussy wore on holidays, and on her head were two little cat's ears. Such a fluffy, delicate apparition she was as she bowed and courtesied a "How d'you do, little boy?" and playfully skipped from the top to the cupboard, and there finding a large ball, pirouetted round upon it, making it spin delightfully.

Tommy stared and said: "Who are you?"

He had no manners, I am afraid, for the fairy hesitated, a little shocked, before she answered:

"*I* am Princess Puss-Puss; and *you*, I pray?"

"Oh, me," he then said, which was very bad grammar—"Oh, me, I am Noddy Tommy; I'm all right."

"I dare say you are, little man, but in your way of talking to fairies you are all wrong."

"Goodness me! you are very particular. I used to speak like that to my kitten and, of course, she knew my ways. You see, I've never spoken to a fairy before. I never had a chance."

"Poor little man. Now that I have come I will stay with you and play a little; you are such a dreamy creature and want waking up. If you could but see my home, it is so lovely." Here the fairy sighed a little sigh of satisfaction. "We play games all day and are never dull."

"Who is we?" asked impertinent Tommy.

"You are many things, Tommy, but you are *not* shy. First we will have a romp, and then if you are good—but very, very good—well, I'll not say what I may not do for you then. Perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—I will take you to the King, my father, and my Queen-mother, and show you our palace, where everything is made of the purest gold."

Tommy's astonishment kept his mouth so wide open that he could not talk for a few seconds. Having grasped the delightful words, he managed to stammer: "Where is it? far from here?"

"Some way off; you cannot drive there; it is in the sun. Look through the window, and you can just get the last glimpse as he dips down on the horizon—it looks quite near. Will you come, Tommy?" she purred in a soft voice. "Will you come?"

"But I can't. I shall fall over the edge of the horizon." And the tears in the laddie's voice seemed to amuse the fairy, because she quickly called him a little dunce for not knowing that, the earth being round, he would never get to the edge of it, to show him which she jumped on the ball again, moving it along round and round with her feet. From there she tripped to the tea-table, and by a marvel poised her dainty self on the very uppermost tip of the tea-pot, thence down on the floor and up on the rocking-chair. From there to the saddle on the old hobby-horse. Up and down she bounded, first on one thing and then on another, calling all the time to Tommy: "Catch me if you can," and he always chasing her but never grasping her. In and out of the furniture they dodged, from the fender to the mantelpiece, a long jump from that to the balls on the tall cottage clock; one splendid bound brought them to the window-sill, through the pane of glass, which broke but never made a noise, on to the wild-rose bush in the orchard hedge below.

It takes my breath away to tell it, so swiftly it all happened. Poor Noddy had hard work to follow her light, fleet movements, but valiantly he ran after her up the hillside, hopping from a high wall on to a five-barred gate, then on to the mistletoe bough that was kissing the oak tree; a good vault he had from that on to the stately elm, who, persevering old dear as he was, had been there centuries, and was very grown up and staid in appearance, and rather looked down on the others as new-comers, though I must tell you even they were quite old enough to be called timber by the country folk. Unheeding, the veteran spread great branches, not wishing to be crushed, knowing very well that, even if the rest did attempt to crowd him out and uproot him, a little seed remaining on the ground would become another elm, quite as calm and unapproachable, and quite as full of worldly wisdom.

"Great nonsense," said the Princess, stopping a second to whisper to Tom, "the elm giving himself such airs, because when all is said and done, little man, the oak is the monarch of the forest after all."

"Where are you going?" was his gruff and practical reply. "It's damp out here, and your home seems to slip further away from us the nearer we get to it. The moon will rise in a moment, and make things so light that nurse will find me and take me back, and I want to see the golden palace."

"So you shall, but you are such an idle boy and do not try to get hold of me. If only you did we would go and see such sights together."

Merrily her laugh broke the silence of the dark night. Up and up she sped quicker than ever, singing at the top of her clear, bright voice, "Catch, catch, catch," and soon reached the highest summit of that huge big mountain that in the valley, hundreds of feet below, was called the Sugar Loaf, because it looked every bit like those peaks of glistening sweetness that stand in

FROCKS FOR TINY FOLKS.

(Described on page 41.)

the candy stores. Once up there, the Princess, with Tommy within a yard of her, made for a tiny round lake, mistaking it, no doubt, for the same mirrors that carpeted her magic drawing-room. Cruel treachery! The poor fairy tripped, slipped, and, with the neatest little splash, lost her footing.

"Caught at last," gleefully shouted her pursuer.

"Well, well," said she. "Don't be so very proud. I slipped on purpose." Such a grimace she made as she said this that had she been human and had her nurse been present, there would have been no jam for tea that night at all events.

He thought it so like a girl to say that. Provoking creatures, whichever way things turned out they were always in the right. He had sisters and therefore knew, but wisely held his tongue, as he was most anxious to follow her into her father's kingdom. Indeed, looking at her once again, he half believed her words, for her splash had mightily improved her appearance. Every small drop had hardened into crystal. She was covered with bright gems that, varying with every attitude, glimmered like sapphires in the moonlight, then again, as they caught the rays of the evening stars, changed into sparkling diamonds.

So sudden and blinding was this brilliant sight that Tommy had to close his eyes, and when he opened them again Puss-Puss and he were walking hand in hand into enchantment.

Pillars of gold everywhere. Statues of creamy ivory holding large round balls of light, and the staircase up which they walked a shimmering, slippery structure of irridescent beetle-wings massed together. Oh! gorgeous sight, that quite frightened Noddy into more shyness. The stairs were so difficult to climb. *She* was used to climb over slippery ground, but poor little *he* was clumsy, and always putting his foot into things. At last, with her help they reached the top. There was a capering, dancing, glistening crowd. Hundreds of dainty, nimble fairies came forward to greet the Princess, and worried her with questions. "And where have you been, and why so late?" "And who is the strange elf?" they asked, all speaking at the same time. Such sweet voices they had; birds twittering in the early dawn of a June morning could not sound more enchanting.

So many questions tickled both very much, and Tommy again forgot his manners, and when his travelling companion said of him, "He's no elf, but a human being," he very crossly retorted, "How dare you call me names! I'm not." All this amused them and made them noisier than ever, and to welcome him they spread some buttercup chains they had been making, and lifting him on to them carried him along to the throne, there to wait for the Royal parents. A fine seat that was, covered in velvet of that yellowish-red that the sun wears when resting on the horizon to wish the world good-night and bless all on earth before retiring. Their Majesties were not long coming, and were very kind and nice, and the Queen especially was so pretty and motherly in her ways, and her voice and face were so familiar, that Tom was fairly puzzled.

"Now," said the King, "let the games commence." Whereupon a long row of lovely white Persian cats came tripping in on two legs, curling up their bushy tails. They were dressed in gold and brown uniforms, and with their front paws they held up slates with sums all correctly done—addition, subtraction, and vulgar fractions.

What glee! Tommy's sums for the week. He recognized them.

After which the Queen clapped her hands, and summoned a hundred of the sweetest gray mice in silver and pink, and one a wee bit taller than the rest walked upright bearing a banner, and on it printed three letters in gold, C A T. The poor little human being was ready to cry for he could make nothing of it until the Princess said, "That is my monogram; that spells cat." He had thought that D O G spelled cat; however, he pretended to be so interested in the procession of fairies dancing in just then that he could not hear, but he remembered all the same. Here was joy.

Each of these dainty ones twirled and twisted prettily up to my hero and deposited by his side, quite whole, every single toy that he had broken for the last five years—his lifetime, in fact. How happy he was to recognize them! Trumpets, dolls, trains, horses—everything. What a glorious palace this was! The mirrored floors reflected everything tenfold; the ceiling, woven in silver thread by spiders, allowed the blue sky to brighten these revels, and the air was fresh with the perfume of the earth's flower gardens. Birds there were too, of every color and every song, butterflies, the rarest, fluttered round without pins through them, and the yellow walls were overgrown with the choicest blossoms. At tea-time jampots crawled lazily in by themselves, accompanied by fairies carrying fruits and cakes and chocolate. Delicious!

It was so unaccustomed, so radiant, so merry, and so tiring that Tommy began to get very drowsy and a little miserable; though everyone spoiled him, he was not quite happy so far from his home. Puss-Puss, who had not left his side at all, now saw his melancholy, and putting her soft arms around him she whispered, as she stroked his cheeks:

"Stay with us, little human being, and love us well. We are always gay and joyous, and we sing, dance, and work wonders all the day long. Lessons are always ready prepared, so that there are no tears, and we have toys which last forever, and you may eat of every fruit as much as you like, and never get a pain in your poor inside. When you care to play, my fairies shall romp with you; when you want to drive, our doves shall fly you through the air, and take you to visit the stars, but never the cold, dull earth; and, Tommy, the glow-worms you love will never go black when you touch them. The blackberries in the hedges will always be ripe. Stay with me and be my playmate, little human being—I shall love you so."

The Princess's voice had become soft and coaxing, and he was so fatigued that he was just deciding to stay when his memory prompted quickly:

"May I fetch mother, and the baby sister, and my daddy?"

"No, certainly not, I only want you! I love you, and I want you to stay alone."

Then Tommy, excited with all the beauties and the marvels he had seen, and dazzled by the golden promises, thought for a moment that he would obey the beautiful fairy. Things were too lovely in this palace; but curiously enough, just as he was going to say yes, a sharp twinge of burning tears came into his eyes, he felt frightened, and a choky feeling came into his throat, and, using all the strength of lung he possessed, he shouted:

"I must go, Puss-Puss; let me go—you've caught me in the ball of string; let me go, please let me go." A lull followed his words, a long, silent time of agony; then a struggle, and he dropped, dropped, into the great gray house in the valley below.

"Darling what is the matter?"

The little human being blinked as he had done in the beginning, and answered, "Is it you, mother dear, come to kiss me good-night? I took you for the Queen; she's very like you, and Puss-Puss wants me to stay with her forever, and leave you. I can't leave you for nobody." Tommy's heart was as good as his grammar was bad. "Oh, I wish I had never seen her or gone with her. I don't want her to keep me. I want to stay with you." At which Tommy's pretty mother took him in her arms and, smiling her loving smile, said:

"Why, my funny pet, I do believe you have been in Fairyland."

"Don't you hear the fairies sing, mother?"

"I hear the song of the wind in the branches."

"Don't you hear the butterflies flutter?"

"I hear the rain dropping from the sky on to the leaves, my boy."

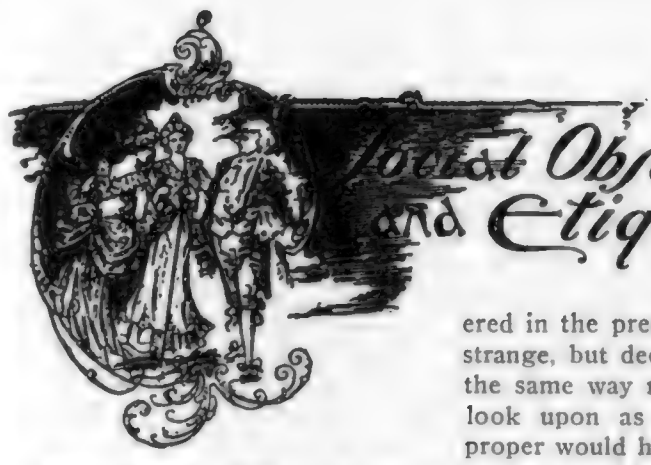
Then did my little hero burst into tears, and, nestling against her, cry, "I don't ever want to leave you again, mother dear, for all the fairies in the sun!"

And in that pretty mother's eyes there were gems too that glistened as she kissed her boy and said, "Dear Tommy."

And all these tears because Noddy Tommy had been dreaming again, as usual.

PRETTY FROCKS FOR GENERAL WEAR.

(Described on page 42.)



Social Observances and Etiquette.

ETIQUETTE—WHAT IS IT?

"WHAT is etiquette? What is its use and meaning?" These are questions we occasionally hear asked, usually in a tone of contempt, and the questioners are generally people who, as they themselves say, "go in for being unconventional, and never bother about etiquette and that sort of nonsense," or, in other words, do just what suits themselves, without troubling about what other people think, say or feel, forgetting that in this world not one of us is really independent of the other; forgetting also that no one, especially no woman, can act in direct defiance of the rules that govern society, spelt not with a big but a little "s," and not suffer for so doing sooner or later.

The dictionary meaning of what we call, for want of a better name, etiquette—viz.: "conventional forms of ceremony," or, according to our old and tried friend, Daniel Webster, "forms which are observed toward particular persons or in particular places"—is a narrow and therefore misleading explanation. The fuller and more correct reading should be rather the observance of good manners, a phrase that includes "courtesy and politeness to every one." The rules of etiquette were not laid down at one particular period, or by one person or set of persons, but have grown, and, as it were, developed in the course of years from and according to the needs of varying times and fashions. As the old order changes—which it is forever doing—the manners and customs of the people change also, so that what at one period of society was the right and proper thing to do or say was at another altogether wrong. Therefore, some rules were necessary, which could be modified and altered as required, to enable the social life of every day to work smoothly and pleasantly. In fact, therefore, the rules that etiquette has framed from the experience of many years, have become a sort of social government that keeps society together. If each of these rules is taken separately and looked into, it will be seen how necessary each one is for the maintenance of social intercourse.

We are all very apt to consider that our forefathers were stiff and over-ceremonious. No doubt in some things they were, to our way of thinking, but in others their words and ways would be considered in the present day, not merely strange, but decidedly free. Just in the same way many things that we look upon as perfectly right and proper would have made our grandmothers shudder with horror, for the rules of etiquette are in many cases as much altered and relaxed now from what they were a century ago as they will be a century hence—a fact, this, which proves that etiquette, in spite of its form and narrow-sounding name, is in truth both a liberal and trustworthy guide, whose rules are formed to help society and keep its members together.

Among intimate friends and relatives etiquette is naturally relaxed, but it is not always either wise or expedient to discard it altogether, or upon all occasions. Of course, the mere conventional forms of ceremony can and may be dispensed with in the home circle, for ceremony is but the letter of the rules and regulations of etiquette, but the observance of courtesy and politeness, which is the spirit that animates them, should never be laid aside or neglected. No one can deliberately and of intention break any social rule without being guilty of discourtesy, and even of rudeness. There are, however, occasions when, from want of knowledge, people may and do ignore some social rule or commit some little solecism, and yet are neither rude nor discourteous; they err rather from ignorance than with intention. If they possess that kindness of heart from which true politeness springs they may keep to the spirit, even though they break the letter of the law.

* * *

Still, it is true that persons are often influenced in their opinion by just such trifles, and everyone should endeavor to conform to the rules of society at its best, even in the smallest matters.

There is a class of people who consider it a mark of superiority to hold themselves in defiance to all rules of etiquette, who affect to despise it, and who take pleasure in outraging it. But it must be admitted that however well educated in the matter of books these people may be, however intelligent in other directions, yet they are not born among those having fine manners and accustomed to the requirements of society, were not reared in high breeding, and are really ignorant of what they so despise. It would seem to be only in accordance with the first principles of common sense that people should acquaint themselves with the requirements of etiquette, and examine their causes before they sweep aside what many of the great intellects of the world have thought it worth while to approve and accept.

There is another class who, not having been instructed in traditionary social observances, laugh at rules which they are not familiar with—rules, too, which the instincts of kind hearts ought to divine almost, but which out of mere thoughtlessness are too often disregarded even by the kind hearted.

Really prominent among the minor sins is the sin of thoughtlessness. It retards action, chafes, irritates and discourages, annuls effort and wastes power, in a word, clogs the wheels of healthful progress to a greater degree than stealing, or either of half a dozen other great sins, and yet it is often spoken of as only a sort of venial sin, a misfortune, or at most, a failing. The descending torrent of the shower-bath braces and stimulates the system; a fortieth part of the quantity of water, falling drop by drop upon the person, would drive a strong man mad. Great misfortunes summon corresponding fortitude and endurance. Great sins work their own cure, but against the nuisances of society we have no protection.

Excepting with those who possess broad minds, cosmopolitan ideas and enlarged views of life, it is a human propensity to think our own, in everything, the best there is. People, in all but the most favored times and places, are rooted to the places where they were born, think the thoughts of those places, can endure no other thoughts. These are the ones whose influence is the most pernicious if they happen to be placed in influential positions. They are the deadlocks to the wheels of society, or its rocks and bowlders which, although the good seed may fall upon them in showers, will never furnish soil for fruit until they have been transformed from fossils into elements of growth.

Neither the little village nor the great city should know any difference in the conduct of the individuals composing its population. Allowing for the necessary variations in the tenor of the daily life in the two places, there should be complete union regarding the proprieties. One code of behavior should cover all, and a person going from one place to the other should be utterly undistinguishable by his conduct from those around him. If, indeed, every one took pains to be informed regarding the right and best in social intercourse and usage, and looked at the matter as one of real importance and not of frivolous trifling, rudeness and *gaucherie* would soon disappear.

Surely the science of social intercourse and its regulations are worthy of being made a study, as the means through which people meet each other, maintaining harmony and peace in their relations, and securing the greatest possible amount of pleasure and comfort to all.

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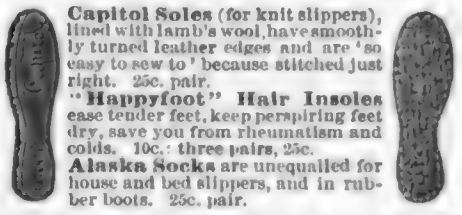

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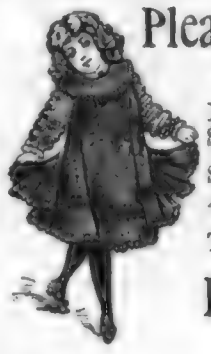

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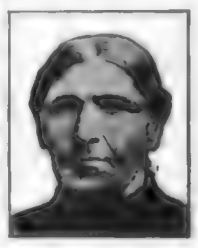

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DRESSY FROCKS FOR GROWING GIRLS.

(Described on page 42.)

THINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

ON WALL COVERINGS.

What We Ought to Think About When We Renovate Our House.

NO one can gainsay that we are affected by our surroundings. Wall paper is the most frequent and immediate surrounding of the majority of people, even those who claim that they spend a great deal of time out-doors. We acknowledge its effect in a way by the smile and fuller breath when we go into a room lightly papered after being some time in one with dull, heavy paper, and by the graver air involuntarily assumed when the reverse change is made.

The boudoir has light paper, the library a heavy one. The reception rooms have paper of a darker, colder shade, while, I am sure, we all are acquainted with the hotel parlor whose walls show a warm hue suggestive of good cheer and gayety.

In choosing wall papers we should always choose in such a manner as to get the most out of them. Wood should not be made subservient to paper, but paper made to contribute toward brightening wood. The question of pattern is a highly important one. For instance, we put it to those who have lain in bed with a petty illness or in convalescence from a serious one, whether they have not found the pattern of the paper of special moment, and producing a sensation pleasurable or otherwise. Have not the details of a conventional pattern been counted over and over again for hours, or the flowery spray diligently followed in the effort to make out its meaning, so often hidden by the artist?

One design will make a room smaller, another larger. It is impossible that such qualities should not react upon the mind and character of thought. Strong prejudices accord with violent patterns, broad sympathies with less pronounced ones. The extreme formalist loves the severity of monastic grays and square forms, the brighter nature prefers the freedom and warmth of pink or yellow and so on.

As it is thus possible not only to add to the enjoyment, but even to influence character, by a choice of wall paper it would be well to see that the choice is a wise one before the decision is made.

* * *

Belles and beaus is a pretty way of selecting partners for a card party. Give out tiny bells tied with ribbons of different colors and an equal number of bows. Let the gentleman find the belle wearing the color of his bow of ribbon.

There is no doubt that women who have a talent for dressmaking have a chance this summer of rearranging their gowns of last season very successfully. Many a gown that has served for a more dressy purpose is now being cut to a walking length and made to do its duty in another direction. Many silk skirts can be worn veiled with net or gauze, and there is excellent lace at nominal prices that will tastefully trim a bodice. Some of the gowns with tight sleeves can be comfortably adapted for home dinner wear, the bodice opening in a V in front and the sleeves cut off to elbow length.

* * *

Grease and oil stains in white goods may be removed in the following manner: Dissolve a quarter of a pound of sal-soda in half a pint of boiling water. Spread the fabric on a board, dip a clean toothbrush (an old one will do) into the soda and gently rub the stains with it, wetting thoroughly. Let the stains rest ten minutes; then wash them in hot soapsuds, scald them and rinse carefully. Vaseline stains in wash goods may be treated in the following way: Soak the stains in wood alcohol for a few minutes, then rub with the hands, and if the goods are white, boil them. Materials that cannot be washed may be cleaned by sponging the stains with ether. Be careful not to use the alcohol near a fire.

* * *

Oilcloth should never be scrubbed with a brush and hot soapsuds. Clean with tepid water and a few drops of ammonia and wipe dry with a cloth dipped in milk. The same treatment applies to a stone or slate hearth which very soon becomes gray and unsightly if scrubbed with soap.

* * *

Kid and leather shoes will keep soft as well as black by rubbing often with a little vaseline and a soft cloth. Always first dust the shoes thoroughly.

* * *

Borax is a most valuable sanitary agent, being both a disinfectant and an antiseptic. It is good for cleaning sponges and should be used in the water in which glass and dish towels are boiled, rendering them soft and white. Two ounces of borax to eight gallons of water for washing clothes will not only save a great deal of labor, but also save half the quantity of soap ordinarily required, while the linen itself will be as white as snow. Articles of delicate texture should be soaked over night in a solution of borax and water, and rinsed the following morning, when little if any rubbing will be needed.

A scant teaspoonful of powdered borax added to a tablespoonful of dry starch will give a soft, nice gloss to linen, and to keep kitchen cupboards and shelves free from cockroaches, ants and other insects that will frequent any place where food is kept, powdered borax mixed with a little sugar, and sprinkled around will be found wonderfully effective. Not being poisonous to children or animals, it is safer than most insect powders resorted to. Borax, or a little soda, if added to the water that peas, beans and other vegetables are boiled in, will make them more tender and also improve them in color; only a tiny bit need be used.

Washing soda is an alkali which should always be ready to hand in every kitchen. It is best to keep it in a stone or earthenware crock.

* * *

Much may be done to minimize the severe heat of summer if proper care is taken with food and due regard paid to the parched body. Any abuse of the overwrought system at this time of strain will insure discomfort and encourage sickness. There is everything in commencing the day right. A sponge bath in one's room in the morning is excellent, drying the body tenderly and carefully and generously dusting with bath powder. After a wakeful night this cooling and refreshing sponging is wonderfully invigorating. During the severe heated term that we always have, for a time at least, it is well to don a dressing sacque after luncheon and before dressing take a second sponge-off, while the thoughtful woman will not forget that comfort is insured and sleep almost a certainty with even a third sponging before retiring for the night. I have never known of an illness from the heat attacking one who appreciates the frequent sponge bath. The temperature of the body is thereby lowered and the nerves quieted and rested.

* * *

During the hot months the house should be aired during the night and early morning. By 9 o'clock at least the windows and blinds should be closed. The freshness and coolness of the morning is thus imprisoned and the home is always a resting place on the most sultry day. The windows in the house should be shut and the blinds down during the heated part of the day. At first thought it might appear that closing the windows and drawing the blinds would defeat the purpose arrived at, but such is not the case, as the cool air thus confined responds very slowly to rises of temperature outside, no matter how excessive. In small city apartments the heat is often intolerable, as the use of all the space makes the closing of the windows not advisable. When these abodes seem air-tight places of torment it is well to remember that much comfort may be procured by hanging a wet sheet in doorways and at the windows, the evaporation cooling and freshening the air.

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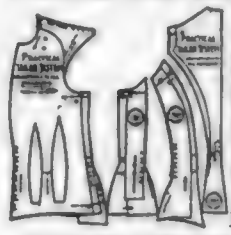

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TEA AND COFFEE. HOW THEY SHOULD BE PREPARED.

ALTHOUGH the art of making really good tea, coffee and chocolate has of late years made rapid strides toward perfection, there still remains something to be desired. Tea too often is left to the tender mercies of the maids, who "wet" it by pouring a few spoonfuls of water on the tea leaves, leaving the brew to stand for some minutes till all the strength, and unfortunately all the tannin also, is extracted, when the pot is filled up with more water. No matter how much water is subsequently poured into the pot to weaken the brew, it will retain the bitter flavor to its last drop. Whether it be for breakfast or for afternoon tea, if one wishes for good tea it must be made in the dining or drawing room, as the case may be, and it can be done with the smallest modicum of trouble. The brass or silver kettles nowadays are dainty little affairs and if the water is just boiling the making of tea will occupy about one minute and a half. But the maid should see that the kettle has been rinsed out with a little boiling water before it is filled up with the bulk of water, which should just have reached boiling point. If carried at once into the dining-room and the spirit lamp immediately lit, the water will boil up again in a few seconds and should be used at once. The teapot must, of course, be rinsed out with boiling water, then the tea put in, the quantity depending on the taste and the number of cups (but a caddy spoonful for each is a fair average still), and the requisite amount of water poured in.

* * *

Two or three minutes is enough time to allow the tea to draw, and where economy is no object and an extra spoonful or two is of no consideration, a little larger allowance of tea and a shorter one of time is to be recommended. The second cup is usually a failure, unless the brew at once was poured off the leaves into another, previously well-rinsed and heated teapot, otherwise the tannin will have asserted itself in a somewhat aggressive manner. Tea is so cheap now that it is hardly worth while using an inferior quality, indeed, a really good one is cheaper in the end, as it goes much further.

China tea is much liked by a small section of tea drinkers, and if one can acquire the taste for its flavor it is certainly the least harmful of all, as it never causes indigestion; in this respect unlike the Indian product, which, if unmixed with any other, is by no means safe drinking. Indeed, to many people Indian tea is absolute poison. The nicest concoction is produced by a judicious blending of the three kinds China, Ceylon and Indian, the latter in a small proportion only. But naturally it is only a question of taste, and while one person will drink with relish a strong, dark brew, another will prefer a lightly-colored, delicate concoction. Tea, if of the latter kind, appeals to many palates if, in lieu of milk, a thinly-cut slice of lemon be laid in the cup, and the hot beverage poured over it; sugar may or may not be added.

If tea be required in large quantities it is best to make it by tying up four or five spoonfuls in a cheesecloth bag (if one has not a little sieve shaped like a ball), then pouring on it sufficient boiling water to make the requisite amount, the bag or sieve containing the tea being taken out after the lapse of two or three minutes. The brew can then be kept not in an urn or kettle with the spirit lamp. If this plan were adopted generally, even at ordinary afternoon at-homes, callers with delicate digestions would not fight shy, as they often do, of the proffered cup, dreading the after effects of tea that has been standing under a cozy deliberately stewing for goodness knows how lang.

* * *

Coffee is, of course, a far dearer drink than tea, and perhaps that accounts for the weak and perfectly tasteless liquid one often has to swallow out of politeness to one's host. It is useless to expect good coffee unless a sufficiency of it be allowed for each cup required, and again, unless the material used be of good quality. Then much depends on its making, and, like tea, the best result is obtained when the coffee is made in the dining room.

Pure Mocha without any adulteration suits the average taste, though a blend of it with Costa Rica or Java produces good results.

The rule of thoroughly heating the vessel in which the coffee is to be made applies as it does to tea; then a heaped tablespoonful of the coffee for a breakfast cup is not too large an allowance, and for each extra cup a slightly diminished addition. Thus, for three large cups two tablespoonfuls and a half would be sufficient. A china or tin percolator, china for preference, is as good a coffee-making machine as any of the various kinds and descriptions; but it must be kept clean, of course. After it has been heated with some boiling water which is poured off at once, the coffee is put in, lightly pressed down with a presser, then as much really boiling water as it will absorb poured slowly in. When this has dripped through more water is added, and so on till the requisite quantity has been reached. But the water that is added must always be boiling, and if possible the percolator kept on the stove or in front of the fire till the coffee is made.

* * *

Coffee essence, which can be kept for a day or two if tightly corked, is merely exceedingly strong coffee, such as two tablespoonfuls of the coffee and only a quarter of a pint of boiling water poured on. A dessertspoonful of this, filled up with boiling milk, gives a truly delectable cup of breakfast coffee, which a dessertspoonful of whipped cream renders absolutely perfect. Of course, the coffee essence can be diluted with water in lieu of milk, and only a little of the latter commodity used. A great deal of the flavor of the coffee depends on the freshness of the berry, viz., on the length of time that it has been roasted. If possible it should be obtained freshly roasted and freshly ground. To roast the berries oneself requires great care and trouble, but it is the best plan to grind each day at home just the required amount of berries.

* * *

Coffee made with a suspicion of caramel is liked as an after dinner or luncheon coffee by some people. It is made by putting a couple of tablespoonfuls of lump sugar in a small saucepan and allowing it to color almost black, without burning. When the coffee, say about four tablespoonfuls, has been put in the heated percolator, add the caramel and pour on the boiling water.

The first requisite for chocolate is to procure a nice vanilla flavored brand. If just a cup or two be wanted, break up a small tablet, put it in a clean saucepan with about a wineglassful of water, and let it dissolve, then add the necessary quantity of milk, and stir over the fire till boiling. A little whipped cream served with it is a vast improvement. It will keep without harm if stood in a saucepan of boiling water on the stove till required, stirring it every now and again. To make chocolate thick and frothy, whisk it over the fire after adding the milk or use a chocolate muller.

* * *

All of these beverages are delicious when iced, but they must be done properly. For iced tea, make a not too strong decoction, pouring it off the leaves in three or four minutes. The tea used should be a light, delicate kind. Put it in a jug with two or three thin slices of lemon, and stand on ice till thoroughly cold. Just before serving, add a little shaved ice, and hand round caster sugar and milk—few people, however, take this latter with iced tea. For coffee and chocolate make them by the recipes given above, pour into jugs, then stand on ice till wanted. Serve with caster sugar and whipped cream.

WOMAN AT A DISADVANTAGE.

Woman is always more or less at a disadvantage. She is seldom absolutely sure of her footing. The world is full of unsuspected quicksands into which she may fall through a limited knowledge of social geography. She has a keen sense of her limitations and makes it her first business to hide them.

Often she is unsuccessful, for where one can hide her weaknesses beneath a pleasant manner and a smiling exterior, a dozen choose a method which but accentuates what they so earnestly try to hide. And the world has an unpleasant little knack of judging by one's bad instead of one's good points. And, when all is said and done, woman's failings as a rule are trivial and possess far more importance in her own eyes than in the estimation of any one else.

Her faults are often more of the head than of the heart, of inexperience rather than thoughtlessness, and there is usually a good excuse for each little weakness.

It is the fancy, nowadays, to sneer, just a little, at our sex. Some of us openly declare that we wish we were men; many of the rest of us wish it, even while keeping silent.

Yet to be a woman is a privilege for which we should return thanks, if we ever return thanks for anything. If our lot seems harder than that of our brother, it has compensations that outweigh the grief that must sooner or later come to all of us.

APHORISMS.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

A fool flatters himself; a wise man flatters the fool.—Bulwer.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.—Bacon.

Clemency is one of the brightest diamonds in the crown of majesty.—Secker.

If you would love mankind, you must not expect too much from them.—Helvetius.

A man can keep another's secret better than his own; a woman her own better than another's.—La Bruyere.

TALKS TO OUR GIRLS.

And Problems that Interest Them.

By MARION E. TAYLOR.

"EMPLOYMENT brings enjoyment," says an old proverb, and as we realize the truth of it, the number of women workers gradually increases, and thus we find workers for pleasure as well as workers for profit.

* * *

When our mothers were young it was considered degrading for a woman to engage in labor for which she received payment, and well-to-do parents shielded their daughters from all knowledge of such work. When reverses of fortune visited the family the poor girls became burdens to their friends. Those with a few showy accomplishments sought posts as governesses to young children, while others, less highly endowed, overstocked the markets with wool mats and fancy work, which people bought "just to help the poor young things."

That state of affairs is now changed. People realize the importance of placing their children in the care of a competent teacher who can educate them, and nobody now uses wool mats.

* * *

The only disgrace which can be attached to a woman worker comes, not from the work, but from the way in which it is done. On every hand we see the modern girl striving to attain a place for herself, and if an occasional complaint is heard, though the details may vary, it can always be traced to a lack of training as the source.

* * *

When a boy wishes to enter a trade or a profession, he is properly trained for it, and it is recognized that the better his training the better will be his success in after life. Even in these days of enlightenment, with colleges open on all sides, parents bestow less care upon the training of their daughters than upon that of their sons. It may be that they think girls can adapt themselves more easily to circumstances than boys, or it is because they hope matrimony will do away with all need of work.

* * *

Marriage cannot come to all daughters, and even those who are most happily married have to consider the reverses of fortune, not to mention widowhood. The thought of the bitter struggle which faces the widow unprovided for by her husband should arouse parents to a sense of their duty to place the means of a livelihood in the hands of their daughters.

* * *

The education which is given to girls, outside of a college education, seems to include a little bit of everything. Girls can play fairly well, sing fairly well, paint a little, sew a little, cook a little, and do many other things with the same degree of perfection. In a way this is good, but it must not stop at "a little bit of everything," it must include "everything of a little bit." This is an age of specialization, and the girl who wishes to attain the front rank must do one thing perfectly. When the bent of a child's taste is discovered that is the talent which must be specially cultivated; and while other talents must not be neglected, they must be regarded as of secondary importance.

* * *

Consider the case of a typical girl who can do everything fairly well. She may perhaps be called upon to get a living for herself. Of what use to her are her mediocre accomplishments? There is no demand for inferior music, inferior painting, nor even inferior domestic arts. If, however, special pains have been taken to reach perfection in any one subject she will be able to turn her talent to good account in the time of need.

* * *

The days of untrained governesses are past, and those who formerly filled such posts now seek work in a more domestic capacity. The scarcity of domestic help causes the demand to exceed the supply at the present moment. But the supply will soon exceed the number of available positions and with increasing competition the need for definite training in such simple matters as household duties will be felt. Womanly instinct may help to solve many domestic difficulties, but it is not sufficient for the successful management of a household. Only those at the head of a house can fully realize how much knowledge and experience are required in order that the household routine may run smoothly.

* * *

Employers are apt to compare men's work with women's in a manner which is not always favorable to women. They say that, although women are very, very earnest, they are often guilty of slipshod methods and unbusinesslike habits. Both are really due to the home atmosphere which has so long surrounded women. Want of method, of punctuality, of attention to details are often passed over in the home, while the same faults are regarded as serious matters in business life.

* * *

The first thing our girls must see to where they wish to properly train themselves, is attention to details and exactness in the performance of every-day duties. Methodical and orderly habits, when once formed, cling very closely, and will be found serviceable in every department and phase of life.

* * *

Then, with a view to possible matrimony, or to being called upon to take the place of a mother in her own home, a girl should know all the details of domestic routine. After that she should be given the means of earning a livelihood, even though she may never be called upon to exercise her trade or profession.

* * *

There are so many callings open to the girl of the present day that one great difficulty lies in the choice. Parents should watch carefully to see if their daughters display any special talent, and they should certainly allow them to have a voice in the choice of a calling. Many parents oppose their daughters' wishes, because the choice is of a calling less dignified than they themselves would choose for them. Thus a girl may have a real talent for some kind of manual labor, and if so trained she would excel in it, whereas when forced to take up some intellectual pursuit, she proves a failure. We should always lay to heart the truth involved in Miles Standish's words: "Better be first in a little New England village than be second in Rome."

* * *

So many letters come from young girls asking advise upon the subject of their conduct toward young men—whether "a kiss is wrong," or if "a girl engaged to one man should go out with another" or "correspond with several young men at once," etc.—that the following brief but sensible advice on the subject is appended for their perusal.

It comes from a Washington letter and was written by the wife of one of our famous statesmen.

She says:

"A woman's love is the greatest gift she has to bestow.

"She cannot dangle her one priceless jewel before the eyes of a crowd of admirers without losing some of its radiance. It is an easy thing, a little thing—sometimes—to part with a kiss or some term of half endearment which is certain to make a man act in a highly ridiculous manner.

"But it hurts the girl because it leads her to put too little worth on what should be above valuation. She cannot expect others to hold these things more precious than she does herself."

NOTE.—Questions of interest to girls will be answered on this page, but inquirers must give name and addresses. If stamps or addressed envelopes are enclosed questions will be answered by mail.

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SUMMER.

"Summer days
That scarce dare breathe, they are so beautiful."

OUR beautiful summer! What is there more fair, more fleeting, more fanciful in its moods, more delightful in its surprises? So much is expected of it, and so much must be forgiven, for it often disappoints us, and then, just as we have lost our tempers and are saying hard things, it smiles at us so radiantly that all shortcomings are condoned; we are, in fact, in love with it.

There is no summer like an American one, so say the strangers that visit our shores. June, July and August, that is all we get of it; nor can we always count June as a summer month. Certainly not when we are eating our strawberries while wrapped in furs, or gathering roses to sweeten a room made warm with fires. Still, when the worst is said, June is a jewel. She gives us the leaves, the grasses, the flowering trees, the roses, the fair pink fruits that all come true to time, with that strange punctuality of Nature, which seems sometimes almost independent of wind and weather.

It is good to be alive and out in the flush of early morning when June is young. The oak and beech trees, in all the glory of their first fresh green, are waving gently in the wind; on the paths the gold of the dropped laburnum petals lies thick and soft where but a day or two ago we were treading on the scattered pearl and topaz fragments of the chestnut flowers. Now the sun is up; under a blue and silver sky the gold-brown bees are buzzing one by one in and out of every foxglove's bell, and silken butterflies poise airily on the pink petals of the wild geraniums on the rockery.

We fancy all these pretty things make up the magic of the sweet June days, but there is something more, or why should the waving of the trees, the crimson of the roses, and the fallen gold of the laburnum blossoms fill us with a joy so exquisite? Would that we might hold the year, could stay her in her rushing flight, but, alas! there is no clogging the wheels of time. Ere we have fairly caught our princess she is gone; not even the sweet strong withes of jasmine can bind her; she flings them to us as a parting gift.

In July all is changed, so changed that if a Rip Van Winkle were suddenly transported from one month to the next, he could not fail to note how widely diverse. The world has sobered down, the intoxicating sparkle of the cup has gone, and we seem to be safely established upon a table-land of summertime. The rainbow rush of early roses is over, but the flower-beds are a mosaic of color, and there is a flare of scarlet in the garden, as well as in the poppied fields. On smooth lawns, swept by tasseled trees, pink, blue, and cream-white figures flit about like larger butterflies in the leaf-entangled sunshine. It is merry on the lawn in the long, light afternoons; we can catch the chink of china, girls' laughter, and the sharp click of the golf ball. There is a spell of heat. Then the clouds gather and the rainstorm comes, and that is best of all, because of what happens after; the delight of the happy earth, the fresh smell of the rain-washed roses, even of the ground itself. July is a month of sweet temper and smiles.

"Time is kinder to the world:
Love is all the truer in July."

The July days melt swiftly into August. We are so used to summer now that it seems strange to think there was ever a time when one could not live all day out of doors. August is the holiday month. It is as if an unending vista of happy weeks were lying before us, to be enjoyed in the sweet festina lente of holiday-time as it first begins. Alas! it hurries all too fast away when once the August days are past; but let us not dream of autumn yet, it is still far off. Let us saunter through the scented pine-woods, go nutting in the coppice where the kernels are ripening, or tread the bracken on the breezy moors, or lie by the water-shallows, where peppermint and cress grow thick, or wander along unknown roads, where purple mallows and blue chicory are lifting bright faces through the chalky dust.

Now is the time for enjoying the soft darkness of summer nights. In July the twilight was too long for us to see the stars, except as twinkling shadows. August is the month for star-gazing, and this is how it is people are so much at home in the August heavens, and expect the Great Bear and the Little Bear to be for ever as we see them then. Night in gardens is not so often talked about as day, but it is even more exquisite.

It is not alone the scent of nicotiana flowers or later bloom of roses that makes the August night so strangely sweet; it is the mystery of the unseen, which is nearer to us when the ordinary becomes the invisible, just as through the darkness one best sees the stars. For once we can realize space, the plenteousness of all, that there are no bounds, and that we ourselves are of the illimitable—one with the stars, the sky, the sun and moon, and flying clouds.

In the darkness of the August night, how unfamiliar look the flowers we know by heart in daytime! The pinks and scarlets are not seen, only the blossoms that are white.

"There is a ghost by the hedge, that by day is a blossoming elder;" or, no, it is a clump of clematis that has flung its whiteness across the path. From the house come lamplight and shadows, night moths are fluttering in the ivy, and the bat shrieks as he circles round domes, invisible to human eyes. But it is possible to live through all the bounteous summer without ever once entering into the spirit of it. The soul of summer cannot pass shuttered jalousies or close-shaped casements.

To see the summer as she really is, we must know her busy with the homely sweetness of her daily work, unfolding, expanding, ripening, and making the fair earth fruitful; we must leave the houses made with hands, and spend our days—aye, days and nights, too—in the open. We must listen to the music of the winds and waves, and "count the daisies upon dappled fields."

Nature never tells her secrets except to her closest friends; we must cling to her fast as the creeper to the wall. Then at rare moments she will give us glimpses of her inner self, of the invisible which she expresses, and which lies outside the limit of our space and time.

GOWN SHOWN AT THE DRESSMAKERS' IMPORTING ASSOCIATION.

Gown of pale gray cloth, made with a jaunty bolero whose fronts turn back in revers faced with peau de soie. The vest, collar and sleeve puffs are of pale-blue liberty silk dotted with white, and in addition straps of peau de soie trim collar and cuffs. Small passementerie buttons add to the further decoration. The skirt shows a yoke effect of corded tucks and inset plaited panels, framed in straps and buttons.

Jealousy dislikes the world to know it.—Byron.

No earnest man in any time spoke what was wholly meaningless.—Carlyle.

THE APPLE OF PARIS

HOW TO WEAR FACE PATCHES.

FACE patches, like every other style, have their exits and entrances. Generally speaking, they are just now coming in.

In former times when black patches broke out on the faces of dames and damsels like a virulent rash, regular patch flirtations prevailed, and an ingenious belle could say most anything she wanted to by means of patches.

To be sure there were combinations, and unless the public was as clear sighted as the wearer there was danger of being thrown off the track by some unusual arrangement, but as a rule, people could tell very well by the way she wore her patches what a belle was trying to convey.

Here is the ruling of a reliable French authority:

If a woman wore a patch at the corner of her right eye, she was head over heels in love with somebody, for that was the passionate patch.

A patch at the corner of the left eye signified jealousy. and it is a natural supposition that this decoration was not a thing of beauty in the eyes of her female acquaintances.

The patch of "devotion" was worn in the middle of the left cheek. When worn on the right cheek it could be construed as a sign of disappointment. A patch on the lip was translated "coquette" and needed no explanatory marginal notes. A patch in the middle of the chin meant piety.

The shapes were also significant. The round patch was called the "assassin." This was a pretty strong term, and it indicated the wearer's determination to make things lively.

The square patch was less belligerent, but not more cheerful, for "remorse" was the meaning read into it. The triangular patch denoted pity and the heart-shaped devotion.

It will be readily seen that, with all this material to work with, a woman could, by combining certain shapes and positions, write quite an interesting tale with the patches.

* * *

Nothing betrays the careless woman sooner than her nails, and nothing shows refinement better than the same possession. Hands with beautiful nails always please, and the eye dwells on them with a particular satisfaction, for in a sense nails are veritable jewels which decorate the fingers even while performing the nail's great office—that of protection.

The nails become impoverished, chalky, liable to break, through deficiency of gelatine and excess of lime deposits. Anything that interferes with the health of the whole body will interfere with the shining appearance of the nails at once.

Nails are really a kind of skin. They are skin formations, being merely an altered kind of cuticle. Small half moons show at the ends of the nails where the skin proper leaves off and the horny protection begins. They are, in fact, the earliest portion of nail growth, being the skin in its changed form, where the cells mass together, multiplying rapidly and beginning to secrete much mineral matter from the blood that circulates within their substance. From the edge of the nail new growth pushes onward until the whole finger end is duly protected. The dainty nail is laid on a very sensitive skin bed, which also gives it additions. The growth is nearly twice as rapid in summer as it is in winter.

It is very easy to keep the nails in good condition. Less than five minutes allowed them regularly each day will be all that is required. A piece of lemon used once or twice a week is almost a necessity if nails are to be kept aright. The acid acts on the nail substance with a wonderful effect of polishing that is apt to drag itself forward over the shining nail surface. Any dirt about the nail, any stain of ink or fruit, the lemon will dispose of at once, dissolving and decomposing the annoying marks as nothing else will.

A little oil rubbed over each nail after the lemon treatment continues the polishing process, nourishes the nail and skin, eradicates the last lingering atom of suspicious marks. A little wad of soft flannel is used when applying the oil. After the oil the hands are laved in soft water, wiped, and the nail polishing continued with a tiny bit of chamois leather and some dropped chalk until the required brilliancy is obtained. It is said that brushing rather roughens the nails and should be avoided.

The recipe of rainwater as a beautifier recently unearthed in some old tome is by one Oudard, "apothecary and perfumeur to her grace the Duchess of Valentinois," who was no less a personage than the celebrated Diana de Poitiers, the most noted beauty of the sixteenth century, who retained her good looks to the day of her death. The document is as follows:

The undersigned apothecary, dentist and perfumeur hereby declares upon honor and conscience that his gracious mistress, Mme. Diana de Poitiers, never used anything but pure rainwater for the preservation of her perfect complexion and youthful looks, which, as is well known, did not desert her to the day of her death, in her 72d year. She used to say that there was nothing in the wide world so well calculated as rainwater to keep the skin soft, the colors fresh, the pores clean, and one's beauty perfect, and, as for myself, I have never known her to employ cosmetics, salves, soaps or manufactured waters of any kind. She washed and bathed many times every day in pure rainwater, and the world knows the result.

* * *

"Beauty is the gift of the gods," but there is at least a good deal of consolation to be obtained by the plain woman, or the woman who possesses only a modicum of good looks in the knowledge that the art of attractiveness may be possessed by all who take the trouble to acquire it. Although beauty is, as a rule, a splendid passport into the good graces of the world, something besides physical perfection is needed if its sway is to remain unchallenged, and it is certainly a fact beyond dispute that a girl who can lay no claim to beauty of face or form will, in some cases, by sheer graciousness of manner, sweetness of voice or vivacity of mind, attract more attention and admiration than she who, while physically perfect, lacks the more intangible charms possessed by her plainer sister.

* * *

Many people who pay particular attention to the care of the skin and complexion, and who make a point of keeping hands and nails in good condition, are curiously neglectful with regard to the hair. The dainty woman, however, recognizes that if her hair is to maintain its reputation as "a crown of glory" it must possess all the attributes necessary to such a description. Therefore, by systematic cleansing and brushing, she keeps it burnished and bright, silken and glossy, and scrupulously free from all suggestion of dust, dandruff or frowsiness. In order to maintain the hair in a healthy condition it should be washed once a month and thoroughly brushed night and morning with perfectly clean hair brushes. Hair tonics would be seldom needed if these rules were more frequently carried out.

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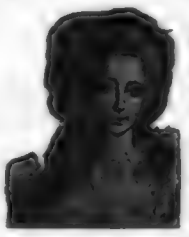

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

AN ATTRACTIVE SKIRT.

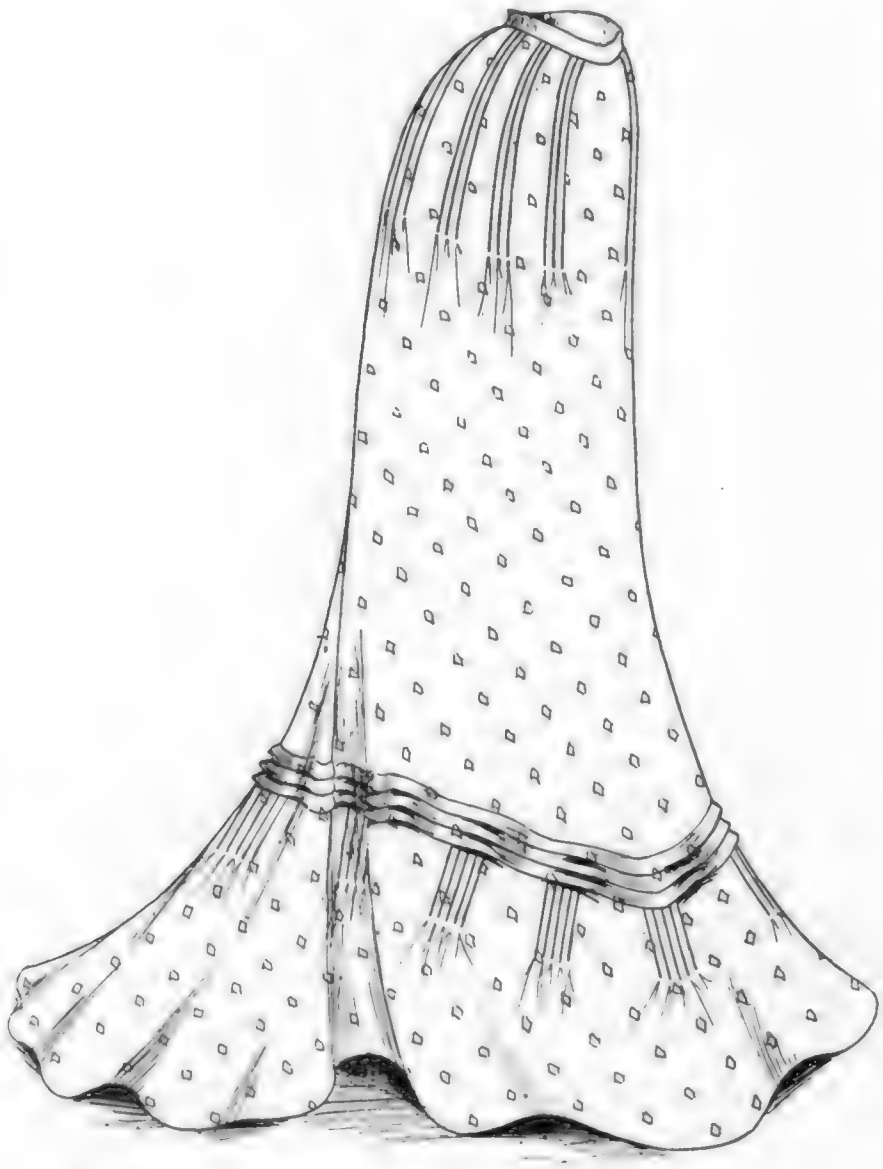
OUR dressmaking lesson this month illustrates a very charming and attractive skirt which is suitable for foulards and pongee, as well as for lightweight woolens, and shows a new arrangement of the ever-popular tucks. The pattern is carefully placed on the material as shown in the diagram, the edge of the front coming on the fold of the goods; at the top are tucks in groups of three each, which must be carefully marked when cutting out in order to facilitate the sewing. At the bottom three wide horizontal tucks are allowed when cutting out. The flounce is cut with pin tucks.

After the material is cut out the vertical tucks at the top are carefully basted and stitched, also the lower ones, which are then pressed. The upper ones are pressed flat, after they have been stitched, and must taper gracefully toward the bottom, or they will spring out too abruptly and consequently there will be too much fulness, which would give a very awkward and ungraceful appearance.

After the flounce is tucked it is joined to the upper part and then the center back seam is sewed together; to prevent the seam from stretching it is wise to employ a linen tape, sewing it in the seam, and being careful not to draw it, or it will pucker up the material. The flounce is made with a separate lining and a narrow plaited ruffle is put at the edge; this will keep the material in much better condition and prevent the fraying of the fabric, besides looking very much prettier when the skirt is lifted.

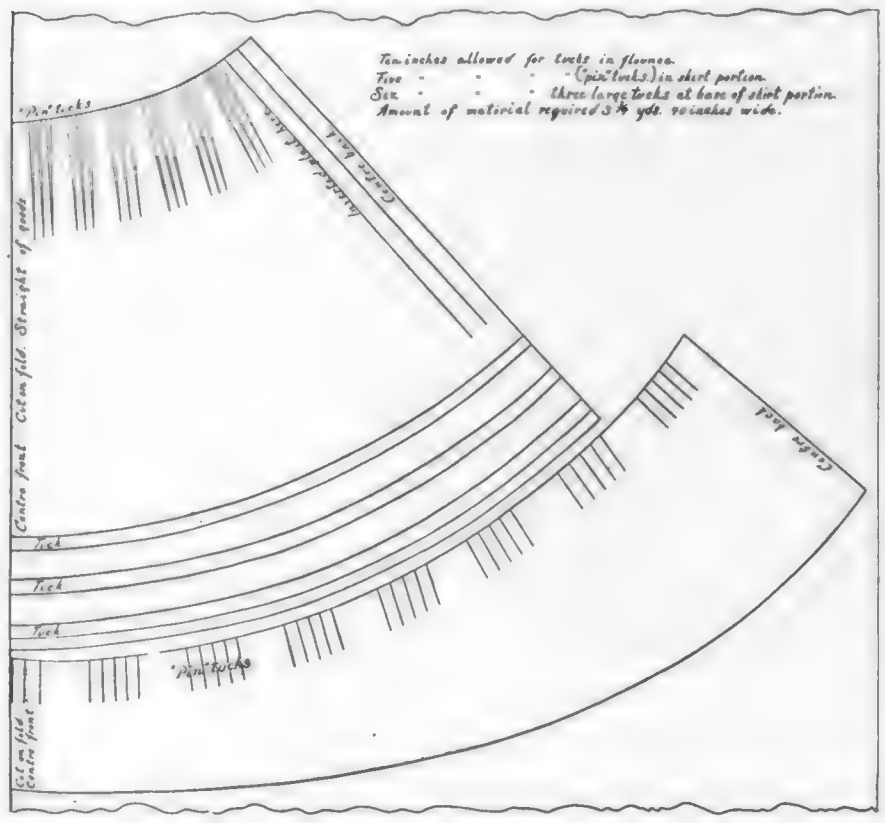
The lining should be cut after the tucks, both at the top and bottom, are sewed, and then the lining joined with the seams, or if desired an entire drop skirt may be fashioned and both skirts merely joined by the band.

To give the skirt a smooth, finished effect and also as a protection for the flounce, a facing of the same goods should be added. This facing is cut bias in order to conform to the shape of the flounce. For a



cloth skirt the neatest finish would be a velveteen binding, with the bias facing adjusted above it. Another way would be to insert a narrow braid or a velvet piping between the skirt and the facing. In no case should the binding appear more than an eighth of an inch below the skirt.

The placket opening is made in the center back seam. The right side is faced with a piece of material about two inches wide; this closes over to the left side, to which a fly has been attached. The fly is a straight piece of the outside fabric, three inches wide, sewed to the upper side and felled to the under side, leaving an extension of one and a half inches. Fasten the lower edge of the extension well to the opposite side. Patent


Ten inches allowed for tucks in flounce.
Five - - - (pin tucks) in skirt portion.
Six - - - three large tucks at hem of skirt portion.
Amount of material required 3¼ yds. 20 inches wide.
Pin tucks
Center back
Center front
Tuck
Tuck
Tuck
Pin tucks
Center back
Cut on fold Center front

placket fasteners are indispensable, for they do away with any of the awkward results which are likely to follow the disclosing of garments worn beneath the dress.

All the seams of the skirt must be pressed open and bound, overcast or pinked. Be very careful not to draw the binding or the thread of the overhanding stitches, for this will make the outside bag or bulge. In a skirt which has been carefully cut, the amateur will find no difficulty in executing her part of the work properly. An error that often arises is that the seams of a skirt will not meet evenly top and bottom. This defect is only due to careless cutting and measuring. Do not try to remedy it without taking the skirt apart, then measure and cut each section over again.

Never hold a bias edge taut when basting it on the straight. Where two bias edges are joined, as the center back seam, a stay tape or strip of lining must be basted at one side and sewed in with the seam to prevent stretching.

The seams of a skirt are, as a rule, stitched about three-eighths of an inch from the edge, from the bottom up, and with the straight edge placed on top, under the presser foot of the machine. The seam must be perfectly straight, as the slightest unevenness will show on the outside after the seams are pressed open. Crooked seams are often the cause of a skirt not hanging evenly.

In sewing seams, the first principle to be followed, and one of great importance, is to sew straight and even. It is also equally as necessary to have the basting done carefully in order to do the stitching inside or outside of the line of bastings, in this way avoiding the possibility of catching the basting thread in with the stitching, or of breaking the sewing when the bastings are pulled out. It will be a great aid to straight sewing if all seams are traced before being joined.

The feminine silhouette at present has a decided downward droop which grows daily more pronounced. The hats roll their broad brims toward the hair, and the sweeping ostrich plumes and garlands of flowers which ornament them also bend forward. The line from collar to shoulder is prolonged half way down the arm, and the puff, which has moved up from wrist to middle arm, also droops softly in thin delicate folds. Even the skirt in its immense fulness clings about the hips and trails upon the floor, following the same downward willowy line. Black and white continues to be the most popular combination for demi-toilette. Black lace or chiffon over white, trimmed with diamonds or medallions of black or white guipure, a touch of velvet at the waist, a narrow belt or a long chiffon sash caught with a rhinestone buckle, are the finishing details. The sleeves are made elbow length and tight-fitting, and the neck is collarless, with a transparent guimpe of lace.

The slot seam is a distinguishing characteristic of both the newest skirts and jackets, and pleasing examples of this very latest wrinkle are being evolved in the advance fall suits.

For general summer wear there is no more serviceable as well as fashionable garment than the shirt waist suit made of foulard, taffeta, pongee, linen, piqué or the mercerized ginghams.

Correspondence

FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to DRESS, DRESSMAKING, MILLINERY, the TOILET, TOILET ARTICLES and SOCIETY CUSTOMS.

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES. The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

FIRST.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

SECOND.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, NOT FOR PUBLICATION, as we use the nom de plume or name you wish us to print with the answer to your questions. (Do not forget to write this under question.)

THIRD.—Questions relating to DRESS should give personal description as to age, height, blonde or brunette.

FOURTH.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

I. E.—You probably lack self-possession, and self-possession is best gained by forgetting all about yourself. Try to be perfectly natural when in the company of others. Do not think of any favorable or unfavorable impression you are making. Listen with interest to all that is said by those with whom you are conversing, and reply to their remarks as intelligently as you can. Kindness of heart is a speedy cure for awkwardness of manner. Try to put the other talkers at their ease by showing your enjoyment and appreciation of what they are saying, and very soon you will find to your surprise that you are talking quite easily yourself.

Margaret D.—Here is a good description of how a person should behave at table, which I quote from a recent work on etiquette, as I think it is an exact answer to your question. "It is curious how easy it is to distinguish the well-bred man or woman of the world at a dinner party from the one who is a comparative novice at such affairs. The woman who is accustomed, as a matter of course, to ceremonious dinners will keep up an unfailing flow of conversation with her companion on her left, and possibly with the one on her right, and another across the table all at the same time, and yet she will know by instinct the moment a servant is at her elbow. She will accept the plate of soup, assist herself to vegetables, or decline whatever it may be, and yet in no way appear to be attending to anything but the conversation in hand. The faculty of 'unconsciously' being perfectly conscious of what is going on all round is a much-to-be-desired gift, and should be assiduously cultivated by the woman who wishes to be a social success."

M. M. C.—You should not have any difficulty in finding a becoming hat, because surely the shapes are so varied and so pretty that every style of face can be suited. It is important to choose a hat which has the appearance of being light and cool, and a braid that is not very fine is better style, especially now that rough effects are considered extremely smart. While the hat is perhaps of more consequence than any of the many little shirt waist accessories, these, too, require consideration and careful selection, for the entire effect of the costume may be spoiled by an inappropriate collar or badly fitting belt.

Graduate.—It is not considered good form for a young girl to send her card to a man under any circumstances. If you are going to another city to visit and wish to let your friends know your address, it would seem best to tell your hostess soon after your arrival that you would like to have these friends call to see you. You can then write short notes to those you know well, mentioning that you are in town on a visit to Mrs. So-and-So, mentioning the duration of your stay, and will be glad to have them call. You should be particular to have them meet your hostess the first time they call.

Mrs. T. B.—Sleeves of elbow length are used only in dressy afternoon and evening gowns and then always with long gloves meeting the sleeves. The habit of wearing these short-cut sleeves upon all occasions and with the most inappropriate gowns is a sad breach against the rules of good taste.

Subscriber.—As you say you are stout it is most advisable that you should have your gowns made as simply as possible. Avoid much trimming, very light colors and horizontal lines. Have your skirts made as long as possible, but very full around the bottom. Then all your bodices and waists should be made with the long dip in front and worn over the skirt, completed with pointed, flat narrow black velvet belts.

Mabel.—The soft rosettes that are known by the very plebeian name of "cabbage" rosette are still fashionable for the front of the corsage and are made of ribbon four inches in width. The shower rosette is more fashionable still and is made of ribbon half an inch wide. It is draped into loops of different length with a tiny bow tied in the center of each, and a very full rosette is placed at the top. Tulle bows are worn in front and in back of the neck with equal preference, although if one chooses one for the back none is worn in front, and vice versa. They are also worn in the coiffure.

Ethel C.—I would advise you to use a good cold cream. In the case of sunburn the oil of the skin is dried up and what is needed is a renewal of this nourishment. It is, therefore, a good preventive of the effects of continued burning by the sun to cover the face and arms thoroughly at night with some good emollient. A slight coat of tan is not at all objectionable, but some complexions burn so deeply that it takes a long time for the skin to be restored. If you have a very thin skin, exposure to the sun will sometimes leave a permanent redness; it is this sort of sun burn that should be guarded against. A simple way is to supply every night the loss of moisture which exposure to the sun's heat has created during the day.

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OUR WORKTABLE.

CROCHETED SILK SHAWL, WITH HAIR-PIN BORDER.

FLORENCE Shetland silk floss, cream white, is used for this pretty shawl, which may be used for either a head or shoulder wrap. The light, dainty shawls are most fittingly called "veranda shawls," for they are the nicest wraps possible for summer evenings when a slight protection is needed.

Begin with center of shawl, 4 ch., join to form a ring, * 3 ch., catch under ring with one s. c., and repeat three times from *; make 1 ch., catch in back of next loop of 3 ch., take out hook, put through middle of center st. of 3 ch., draw through, drop the st. and work off. This leaves you at the top of the loop to begin with the next round. Three ch., catch with a slip st. in the same st. started from, 3 ch., 1 s. c. in middle st. of 3 ch., then 3 ch. again, catch in the same stitch for widening. Then 3 ch., catch in the next loop, 3 ch., catch in the same loop, 3 ch., catch in the next loop, 3 ch., catch in the same st., continue in this way, being careful to always widen in the same st. at each of the four corners by working twice in one loop, and between the corners simply work one in each loop. Continue until you have 27 rows, then make one row of windovers made in this way: Chain 2, wind the silk around the tip of the finger five times, pass the hook under the windover and fasten with a s. c., 2 ch., 1 s. c. in middle of next 3 ch., 2 ch., 1 windover, 2 ch., fasten in middle of next 3 ch., continue all the way around, making 2 windovers in each corner.

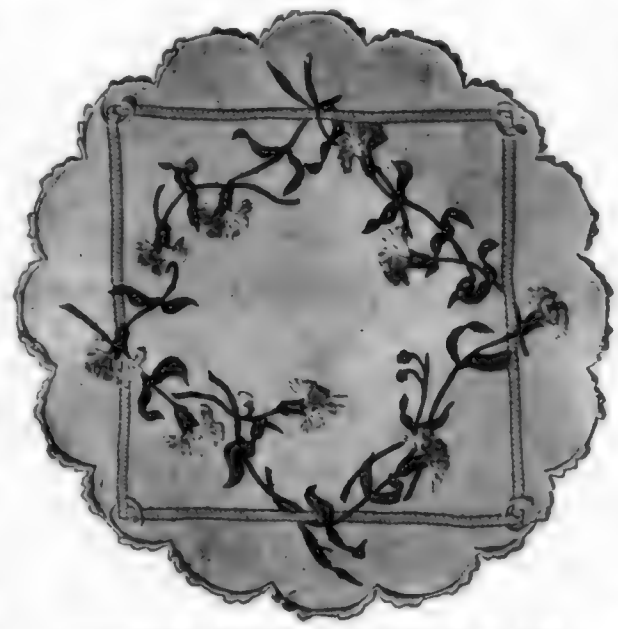
Next round: 1 s. c. in top of windover, 3 ch., 1 s. c. in next windover, and repeat all around.

Next round: 3 ch., 1 s. c. in middle of next 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 s. c. in next 3 ch., and repeat to the corner. Then make 3 ch., 1 s. c. in the same st. This forms the corner. Repeat for two more rounds. Do not cut the thread.

The border is made in hairpin work. Make 28 wheels as follows, with a wire in the form of the hairpin 2½ inches wide. Each wheel consists of 45 loops of hairpin work. Join both ends with slip stitches. Make one long stitch, catch 45 loops on one side on hook. Thread over needle, draw together all the loops on hook, close with a slip stitch. Then cut and fasten silk. This completes

CROCHETED SILK SHAWL.

one wheel. Join the wheels to the center, commencing on a corner with 2 ch., catch 3 loops of the wheel with 1 s. c., 2 ch., 1 s. c. in next 3 ch., 2 ch., catch 3 loops of the wheel in 1 s. c., 2 ch., 1 s. c. in next 3 ch., 2 ch., and catch 3 loops of the wheel with 1 s. c., 2 ch., 1 s. c. in next 3 ch., 2 ch., catch 3 loops of the wheel with 1 s. c., 2 ch., 1 s. c. in next 3 ch., 2 ch., catch next 3 loops in the wheel with 1 s. c., 2 ch., 1 s. c. in s. c. between 3 ch., 2 ch., catch 3 loops of the second wheel, 2 ch., 1 s. c. in next 3 ch., and repeat all around fastening all of the 28 wheels in the way mentioned above. This gives 7 wheels to each side. Now make 3 ch., catch first three loops of the wheel with 1 s. c., 3 ch., catch next 3 loops with one s. c., repeat eight times more; 2 ch., catch one loop of foundation at the fifth or last loop where first wheel is joined to the foundation, catch in top of loop of second wheel and close with 1 s. c., 2 ch., catch 3 loops of the second wheel, 1 ch., catch in the middle of 3ch. Between the loops of the first wheel, 1 ch., catch 3 loops of the second wheel, 3 ch., 3 loops of the second wheel, and repeat all around. After having joined every wheel in this way to the next, fasten silk in the middle of 3 ch., 3 ch. and 1 s. c. in same st., 1 ch., 1 s. c. in the middle of next ch., 3 ch., 1 s. c. in the same st., repeat twice more, 1 ch., join to 3 ch. of next wheel, 3 ch., 1 s. c. in same st., 3 ch., 1 s. c. in next 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 s. c. in same st. Repeat this all around. This forms a picot. There should be seven picots to each wheel. This finishes the shawl.



CARNATION CENTERPIECE DESIGN No. 816E.

Materials: Four ounces Florence Shetland silk floss. This silk is furnished in a variety of shades as follows: Pink, light blue, white, old rose, nile green, lavender, yellow, gray, scarlet, garnet and black. Price, 50 cents per ounce.

BACHELOR PILLOW DESIGN No. LT. 1574A.

This pillow is ostensibly for bachelors, young or old. The design is tinted on a buff ticking and the back of the pillow is made of colored duck.

From a corncob pipe worked in long and short stitch with Corticelli Roman floss, brown 525.9, 526, 527, 528, 529, come wreaths of smoke, which form first the hair, then the faces of three memory maidens. The smoke is tinted in gray and worked in long, conforming lines of Roman floss, gray 839, 840, 841, 842. The faces are outlined with flesh tint, using Filo silk, pink, 104 and have brown or blue eyes. Around the lettering in green is couched a thread of rope silk, green 664 and 665.

A bunch of old letters is tied with blue ribbon worked solidly with Roman floss, 519, 520, 521 and outlined with Japanese gold thread. The American Beauty Rose is worked in Roman floss, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, and the leaves and stems in 662, 663, 664, 665. For the cigarette white 615 is used and for the cigar brown 526. The cigar shows a tip of red 539 and the cigarette one of brown 526. Blue 519, 520, 521 and red 539, 540, 541 are used for outlining the chips. The dice are worked solidly in satin stitch with white

BACHELOR PILLOW DESIGN No. LT 1574 A.

615 and the dots are made with black French knots. The tobacco pouch is worked up from the bottom with deep long and short stitch, using brown 525.8, 525.9, 526. The ruffle is worked solidly in these colors, and a lining effect of red satin is given by working solidly in 539, 540, 541. A rope cord, which combines many colors, fastens this pouch. The cartouch has yellow scrolls of 743.6, inclosing a network of white.

This completes the work on the pillow top. The edge may be finished either with a heavy silk cord or a fancy ribbon ruffle.

Materials: Cortecelli Roman floss, 1 skein each 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 519, 520, 521, 525.8, 525.9, 526, 527, 528, 529, 539, 540, 541, 615, 662, 663, 664, 665, 743.6, 839, 840, 841, 842. Corticelli Filo silk, 1 skein 104. One skein Japanese gold thread. Stamped top and back of this design 24 x 48 inches will be supplied for 50 cents and can be forwarded by mail to any address.

CARNATION CENTERPIECE, DESIGN No. 816 E.

The carnation is a most beautiful subject for silk embroidery, and, as the flower is so familiar and so easily obtained in all localities, there is but little excuse for the monstrosities so often seen.

The border is worked in buttonhole stitch with Corticelli Persian floss, white 615, outlined on the inner edge of the scrolls with green 663. The lines which form a square with its corners touching the scrolls of the border are also outlined with green 663, and the space between them filled with cross stitch in white 615.

In a design of this sort it is a pretty idea to work some of the flowers in pink and others in red. For the pink flowers use Corticelli Filo 534, 535, 536, 536.3, and for the red flowers use shades 537, 538, 539, 540. There is one point which must be observed in embroidering the carnation, and that is to keep each and every petal distinct. The outline must be preserved, as this crispness is half the beauty of the flower. The depth of the flower is generally the darkest, and the petals which are in strongest light are in the foreground, and should be worked in the lightest shades.

For the leaves and stems shades of green 661, 663, and 665 are used. The stems are prettiest worked in solid tapestry stitch and the leaves in satin stitch. The leaves twist and curl in various directions, so that the study of light and shade is made very interesting. The calyxes, too, are worthy of special study, as they are characteristic of the flower, green 663 may be used in the calyx proper, while the supporting cup is worked in a lighter shade.

The necessary materials are as follows: Corticelli Filo silk, 1 skein each 534, 535, 536, 536.3, 537, 538, 539, 540, 661, 663, 665. Corticelli Persian floss, 6 skeins 615; 2 skeins 663. This design stamped on linen can be furnished in different sizes as follows: Nine-inch size, 12 cents; 12-inch size, 15 cents; 18-inch size, 30 cents; 22-inch size, 40 cents. Wash silk for working the 22-inch size will cost 80 cents extra sent by mail.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

Patterns of all garments illustrated in PICTORIAL REVIEW may be obtained only from the AMERICAN FASHION COMPANY, 353 Broadway, New York City, at the prices quoted. Mail orders must be accompanied by cash or postal orders. Also kindly state if lining is wanted.

HANDSOME CALLING GOWN.

(Illustrated on front cover.)

Gown of blue veiling, the waist handsomely trimmed with corded tucks and inset bands of embroidery. The skirt is trimmed to match the waist. Velvet straps complete the garniture. Pattern, waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

SOIREE GOWNS OF NET AND CREPE DE CHINE.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 867. Handsome gown of pale-blue crêpe de chine. The waist is made in bolero effect and is handsomely trimmed with embroidery and lace appliqué. It opens over a vest of black chiffon decorated at the top with a large chiffon bow. The elbow sleeves are completed with deep epaulettes. The skirt is made in flounce effect, alternate flounces being trimmed to match. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.25. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 868. Gown of pink Liberty silk, the décolleté blouse waist being trimmed with a network of steel and jet bead embroidery, while black taffeta with steel and jet embroidery is used as appliqué. Over the shoulders are strings of jet beads. The upper part of the skirt is trimmed to match the waist and the lower part flares out into a full and fashionable flounce. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 869. Gown of white gauze embroidered with small black dots; waist and skirt are trimmed with ruffles and black Chantilly lace appliqué is placed as indicated, also forming the finish of the décolleté. The girdle is of pale-blue panne and is cut high enough to have the upper edge concealed by the lower ruffle of the waist. Pattern, waist, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

THE LATEST THING IN FOULARD.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 870. Frock of satin foulard, tucked in festoons, and trimmed with black Chantilly lace in festoons, the lower edge being finished by tiny ruffle of écru Mechlin. Deep yoke of mousseline in vertical tucks, with Mechlin edging and inserting. Straps of narrow velvet ribbon and little jeweled buckles. New sleeve. Pattern, skirt, $1.50; blouse, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 871. Frock of foulard, laid in vertical tucks, gores of skirt being covered with appliqué trimming in medallion pattern, with effect of continuation on blouse. Flounce of horizontally tucked material, under flaring upper portion, edged and ornamented by medallions of lace framed in satin folds joined by fagotting. Panel front formed in same way. These ornaments are arranged to form postillion, draped revers and edge of yoke, which is of two shades of plain Liberty satin, joined by fagotting. New puffed sleeve. Pattern, skirt, $1.50; blouse, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 872. Gown of satin finished crêpe, tucked in groups, forming point in front. The edge of the skirt is encrusted with appliqué, forming Vandykes, which also forms shallow hip yoke. Tucked blouse, vest effect, outlined with guipure appliqué, which also outlines diamonds edging guipure yoke, inlaid with black lace. Double puffed sleeve. Pattern, skirt, $1.25; blouse, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

ELEGANT VISITING OR CARRIAGE GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 903. Visiting gown of pale-gray crêpe de chine; the skirt is made with a plaited panel front, and the flounce is arranged in clusters of side plaits; the garniture consists of appliqué and embroidery. The waist is made with a bolero and the dainty bolero is cut without a collar. The sleeves as well as the bolero are corded; undersleeve of white chiffon. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 904. Visiting gown of biscuit cloth. The skirt is cut with triple flounce effect and plain panel front. The bolero is arranged in box plaits and is mounted on a tucked yoke. The collar trimming is cut with deep points that apparently hold down the box plaits. The sleeves are completed with chiffon puffs. Trimming of appliqué embroidery. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 905. Visiting gown of ladies' cloth. The skirt has a corded front and the back is made with a flounce effect; the garniture consists of narrow velvet straps. The blouse waist is entirely corded and is trimmed with a bretelle collar and bishop tabs; the narrow vest is of contrasting color trimmed with appliqué and velvet. Stock collar and sleeve puffs of white mousseline de soie. The belt is trimmed with three rows of velvet ribbon. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

JAUNTY TAILOR-MADES FOR FALL WEAR.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 1041. Cloth gown made with short open jacket having broad-shoulder effect with piping. The revers and coat collar as well as the cuffs are of peau de soie stitched with white. The panel front of the skirt is outlined with two corded folds of peau de soie and the three narrow ruffles at the sides and back are piped with the same. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 1042. Gown of pale tan broadcloth, made with a short Eton having Directoire front; the revers are of peau de soie faced with embroidered batiste and all the edges are ornamented with stitching. The skirt is cut with a yoke and shows the fashionable flaring effect at the bottom. The fulness in back is arranged in plaits held down with a strap. Pattern, jacket, $1.50; skirt, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

NEW IDEAS IN SILK SKIRTS.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 205. Dress skirt of black peau de soie trimmed with vertical rows of velvet ribbon; around the bottom are narrow silk ruffles headed with velvet ribbon, and long lace Vandykes run from the edge to the top of the ruffles. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 206. Dress skirt of peau de soie or taffeta, flounce edged with narrow ruffle and headed with a band of cream Mechlin inserting. Running in vertical rows are bands of narrow lace inserting threaded with velvet ribbon which is arranged in loops at the bottom. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 207. Dress skirt of taffeta and lace, the taffeta being tucked and cut in apron effect, edged with lace inserting. The flounce is of cream lace trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon and edged with a mousseline ruching. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 208. Dress skirt of black taffeta, tucked in pin tucks; front panel and narrow ruffles at sides of white mousseline de soie; the panel is outlined with lace inserting which is also used for the yoke; two flat folds of taffeta stitched only at the upper edge finish the yoke. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 209. Handsome net skirt, trimmed in panel and yoke effect with cream lace; the fashionable flounce effect is gained by a trimming of cream lace ruffles headed by three rows of velvet ribbon of graduated width. Around the edge of the skirt is a ruching of cream mousseline, and a narrow black velvet ribbon runs directly in the center of the panel front. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

GOWNS OF LAWN AND FOULARD.

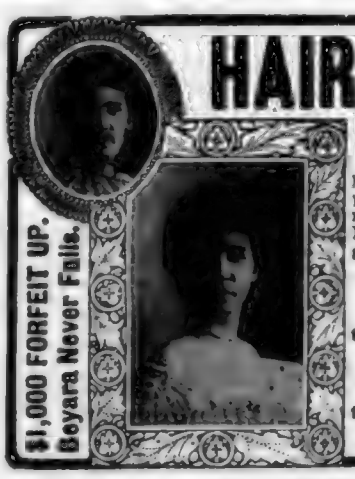
(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 900. Gown of white dotted batiste. The skirt is tucked lengthwise and springs out into a flounce which is embroidered at the edge, a second flounce finishing the skirt, which shows the same arrangement as the upper part. The jacket shows the new "coffee coat" effect and is laid in side plaits with long tab effect on the fronts. The trimming consists of embroidered batiste medallions and an embroidered yoke. The elbow sleeves are tucked and trimmed with medallions and ruffles. Pattern, coat, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 901. Gown of porcelain blue mercerized linen; the blouse waist has a plaited front, and the yoke is embroidered with white dots, the ruffle that edges it being scalloped and embroidered with white. Deep turned back cuffs complete the sleeves which show a slight fulness where they join the cuff. The latest novelty is shown in the skirt which is made with five flounces, each prettily scalloped and embroidered. Pattern, waist, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra each.

Fig. 902. Gown of pearl-gray foulard figured with dark-gray. The skirt is made with a panel front and is cut with a flounce which shows a new plaited effect divided by narrow velvet ribbon straps. The "coffee coat" is made with box plaits and the collar is of velvet or taffeta with embroidery. The front as well as the sleeves are decorated with bows of foulard and the wide girdle may be

(Continued on page 41.)



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USEFUL AND TIMELY RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS.

Edited by LIA RAND, author of the "Philosophy of Cooking," etc.

JELLIES AND MARMALADE (JAMS).

THE vessels used for preserving should never be used for anything else. If anything greasy were cooked in one it would spoil the jelly or jam. Take care no soup or roast pot is on the range while the preserving kettle is there. The fumes would spoil the preserve, and the recipe would be found fault with. Avoid rainy days in boiling preserves or jellies. They never succeed, as the dampness prevents their jellying. Buy always good ripe fruit for preserving. It is false economy to make it out of poor fruit, the yield is not so large and the flavor will be found wanting. To make good jelly it is most important to have a good bag of flannel, cone shaped, wash and dry the bag before using. Never press the fruit hard, if you want clear jelly; let it run off, hanging the bag up and letting the drops drip into a china bowl. To a pint of juice, calculate a pound of sugar; meanwhile put the juice into the preserving kettle and boil twenty minutes; then put the sugar into the oven to heat; it must be so hot that you cannot bear your hand in it. After the juice has boiled for twenty minutes pour in the heated sugar, stirring all the time with a new wooden spoon. Boil up once and the jelly is ready; have the glasses in a pan of hot water, fill them as quickly as possible and let them remain uncovered until jelly is formed. Pour paraffine over it and keep in a dry closet. To make jams allow to every pound of large well selected fruit three-quarters of a pound of sugar; let both simmer away, stirring often to prevent burning. It will take three to four hours to boil the jam.

Currant Jelly.

Put the berries, stem and all, in a stone jar; set this in a kettle of tepid water, and put it on to boil. Allow it to boil until the fruit is mashed to pieces. Strain; put in the bag a cupful at the time and squeeze dry. Then measure the juice and allow a pound of granulated sugar to a pint of juice, and proceed as advised above.

Raspberry and Currant Jelly.

To two parts of red raspberry, put one of red currants, and proceed as with other berry jelly. This jelly is especially nice to be served with venison, and used for cake.

Grape Jelly.

This is made like the currant jelly. Dark grapes should be chosen; catawba grapes also make a nice colored jelly.

Wild Cherry and Currant Jelly.

Take two pounds of wild cherries, stones and stems, to one pound of red currants and proceed to make it as the plain currant jelly. This jelly is very appropriate for invalids, as it is highly medicinal as well as palatable.

Blackberry Jelly.

Is made the same way as currant jelly, but it will never be as firm as jelly made of more tart berries.

Apple Jelly.

Wipe the apples, tart ones are best, cut in eight pieces, leaving on the skin and seeds. Put them in a preserving kettle and cover the fruit with some white wine and water; boil until very soft. Let the juice drip over night into a bowl, measure the juice next day and to each pint of juice allow a pound of sugar. Let the juice boil twenty minutes, skim well, add to six pints of juice the juices of two lemons. Have the sugar hot, pour into the apple juice and allow it to boil up a few times. Have the glasses hot and fill them at once. Orange and apple juice make a delicious jelly, and so does quince and apple.

Crab Apple Jelly.

Use Siberian crab and make the jelly as above. Omit the lemon juice and the wine, as the Siberian crab apple is very tart and needs no flavoring.

Quince Jelly.

Get fifty large quinces, out of them you can get jelly and marmalade, the cost will be small, the result satisfactory. Peel, cut and core the fruit, cut each into eight pieces. Boil the peel and kernels in as little water as possible, to a pulp and strain through a jelly bag. Boil the cut-up quinces separately with as little water as possible until very soft. Strain through a jelly bag and mix the two juices together; measure and proceed to make the jelly as advised above. Weigh the pieces of quinces, and allow to every pound three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Boil until it is a jam, fill the glasses and thus you have jelly and jam. The jam is nice to spread on bread for tea or for the children's table.

Peach Jelly.

Pare, stone and slice some good juicy peaches. Crack one-third of the kernels and put all in a stone jar. Place the jar in a pot of boiling water, stirring from time to time until the fruit is well broken. Strain, and to every pint of peach juice add the juice of a lemon. Put the juice to boil for twenty minutes, and proceed as with the other jellies. This jelly is very good for jelly cake.

Peach and Apricots Marmalade.

Take half and half of fine ripe fruit. Pour hot water over them, so to skin them easily, cut in pieces and weigh them. To every pound of fruit allow one pound of granulated sugar. Clear the sugar and boil to a syrup; pour in the fruit and boil over a hot, quick fire. Add a little spice, also the kernels of the fruit, which always gives a good flavor. Cook until all is a pulp, stirring often to prevent burning. Almost all marmalades are made in the same way. The English call them jams, the French confiture, the Germans mus.

Blackberry Marmalade.

Get the large Lawton berries, they have fewer seeds. To every pound of berries allow one pound of sugar; let both simmer together until the berries are soft and well mashed. Stir often to prevent burning. When done boiling mix in a little currant jelly, it gives the marmalade a good flavor.

Trio Marmalade.

Raspberries, Currants and Black Cherries.

Allow only half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Clear the sugar and put in the fruit in the boiling syrup. Wash the raspberries, stem the currants, and pit the cherries carefully. Break half of the cherry stones and add the kernels, also some powdered cinnamon. Boil until all is soft and well amalgamated.

Gooseberry Marmalade.

Gooseberries are sour, therefore allow pound of sugar to pound of fruit. Proceed as above.

Strawberry Marmalade.

Select for this the largest berry to be had. The large berries have fewer seeds. To one pound add three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Clear the sugar, put in the fruit, stir at intervals, taking care that the strawberries do not lose their color by cooking over too hot a fire.

* * *

VARIOUS RECIPES OF INTEREST.

Chicken Patties.

Roll out a pound of light puff paste, half an inch in thickness; cut it into rounds with a cake cutter two inches in diameter; press a small cutter, one inch in diameter on each round, one-fourth of an inch deep. Place them on a buttered tin, brush a light beaten egg over them and bake in a quick oven. When done remove the center and a little of the inside. While the shells are baking make the filling. Cut up the white meat of a cooked cold chicken into neat small pieces. Put into a saucepan half a pint each of clear chicken broth and cream, one ounce of butter in small pieces that have been rolled in flour, salt and pepper and a very little nutmeg. Place the saucepan on the range where it will simmer nearly to boiling point; then remove and let it cool a few minutes, beat up the yolks of two eggs with a half teaspoon of flour moistened with cold milk. Pour this into the saucepan and place near the fire until it thickens, then add the chicken and heat it through. Fill the patty shells neatly with the mixture and serve hot on individual plates. In the same way all kinds of patties can be made, veal, sweetbreads, calf's brains, mushrooms, oysters and all kinds of fish.

Veal Cutlet Sauté, with Purée of Carrots.

Select a veal cutlet from the thick part of the leg, beat it well and brown it in a little hot butter. Boil two dozen young carrots for half an hour in water slightly salted; mash them fine, rub them through a sieve and season with salt and pepper and two ounces of good butter. Cover the bottom of a hot dish with the carrot purée, place the cutlet on top and serve.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(Continued from page 39.)

...der of taffeta or velvet. Pattern, ...t, $1.00; skirt, $1.00. Cut to ...sure, 50 cents extra each.

HANDSOME SILK WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 580. Waist of dotted mousseline trimmed in bolero effect with narrow velvet ribbon. The revers as well as the tabs in front are of scarlet silk trimmed with lace and edged with narrow velvet ribbon. A large lace collar completes the trimming. The sleeves are decidedly novel, consisting of a series of puffs tied with velvet ribbon. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 581. Waist of dotted mousseline, with the vest tucked in yoke effect at the top and bordered at each side with a band of écru Mechlin inserting. Over the shoulders are triple bretelles of plain mousseline edged with narrow velvet ribbon, and wider velvet ribbon is tied into a loose bow in front. The sleeves, of dotted net, are tucked at the top, and the lower part is of lace, decorated with a velvet bow. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 582. Waist of embroidered Liberty satin, the vest being composed at the top of bands of plain Liberty satin joined by fagotting, and the lower part trimmed with lace. A transparent lace collar completes the neck. On the fronts are handsome incrusted lace ornaments and the sleeves are composed of triple puffs. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 583. Waist of black point d'esprit made with a round yoke trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. The yoke is bordered with point d'esprit ruffles which extend down either side of the vest in jabot effect. At the elbow the sleeves are trimmed with narrow ruffles matching those on the yoke. Pattern, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER TEA GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. 547. Tea gown of mercerized batiste made with triple flounce effect and Watteau back. The flounces are tucked in groups at the edge and bordered with lace. The panel front is of plaited batiste. The tea gown is cut without a collar and the cape collar is decorated with tucks and lace. The elbow sleeves have vertical pin-tucks and are completed with two lace ruffles in addition to a velvet bow. Around the waist is a velvet ribbon belt. Pattern, tea gown, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 548. Tea gown of pale-blue China silk made with a Watteau back and trimmed with vertical bands of velvet ribbon ending in bowknots. The yoke is of lace insertion trimmed with interlaced velvet ribbon, and the large turndown collar, which is tucked diagonally, is trimmed with velvet ribbon and edged with lace. The sleeves are tucked at the top and are completed with lace ruffles. Pattern, tea gown, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 549. Tea gown of China silk made in princess effect; the bodice part is arranged in fine tucks, and the panel front, which extends around the bottom in the form of a full flounce, shows several rows of shirring; the trimming consists of three rows of narrow velvet ribbon dotted with round lace medallions, and a fichu effect of soft silk edged with lace, completes the neck. The elbow sleeves are trimmed with lace. Pattern, tea gown, $1.50. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

ADVANCE STYLES IN FLANNEL WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 462. Flannel waist fastening under a double fly front and trimmed with scrolls of dark braid. The sleeves are gathered into cuffs, which, like the collar, are trimmed with narrow braid. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 463. Flannel waist fastening under a double fly front, and arranged in three wide tucks. On the shoulders are epaulettes trimmed with soutache and stitching. Soutache and stitched straps trim the front in the manner shown. Wide tucks ornament the sleeves. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 464. French flannel waist, made with broad-shoulder effect and fastening under a double fly front. It is tastefully trimmed with narrow braid and buttons. A plain stock collar completes the neck. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 465. French flannel waist made with a wide tuck on each side in broad-shoulder effect; the vest is trimmed with narrow braid and buttons and outlined with an embroidered strap framed with velvet ribbon or braid, whichever is used for the vest. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

GOWNS EXHIBITED AT THE DRESSMAKERS' IMPORTING ASSOCIATION.

(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. A. Taffeta gown made with Eton jacket, tucked in clusters and trimmed with striped taffeta; the jacket shows a yoke effect and over the shoulders are bretelles of the striped silk ornamented with lace; straps of plain taffeta frame the straps of striped silk, and striped silk is also used to face the revers. A double effect is shown in the sleeves, the lower ones being of striped silk. The skirt is trimmed with clusters of corded tucks and straps.

Fig. B. Gown of voile or taffeta, the waist is made with a yoke effect framed with a handsome embroidered strap and the vest is trimmed with short horizontal straps of fancy galoon or of embroidery. A princess effect is gained by the panel front of the skirt which narrows toward the top and widens toward the bottom; around the edge is a band of embroidery and the further decoration consists of appliqué passementerie ornaments. The skirt is trimmed with braid in strap effect below which the material is arranged in inverted plaits. The sleeves flare out into a puff just above the cuff and are trimmed to match the waist.

CLOTH COATS FOR SCHOOL WEAR.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 567. Double breasted box-coat cut with flounce at the sides and trimmed with velvet bands framed with cloth straps. Revers of velvet trimmed with cloth straps. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 568. Cloth coat with overlapping front trimmed with cloth of a contrasting color and straps. New storm collar, flare sleeve. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 569. Double breasted box coat trimmed with straps, and shaped epaulettes over the shoulders. Coat collar of velvet. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 570. Double breasted box coat with new yoke effect trimmed with stitching, corded tucks, passementerie ornaments, velvet cuffs. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 571. Cloth coat trimmed with straps imitating a yoke, coat collar and strap on sleeve of velvet, square revers. Pattern, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FROCKS FOR TINY FOLKS.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 906. Frock of white batiste over pink taffeta, arranged in clusters of tucks and mounted on a tucked yoke. The garniture consists of lace insertion and ribbon beading, and over the sleeves are bretelles. The skirt is trimmed with two bands of lace insertion divided by beading. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 907. Frock of blue batiste made with a blouse effect and trimmed with clusters of tucks, narrow bands of embroidered insertion and narrow frilling of the material. The waist is cut without a collar and is completed with short puff sleeves. The skirt is tucked and has a band of insertion above a wide hem. Pattern, frock .75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 908. Frock of white batiste cut with a low neck trimmed with lace insertion and embroidery. The fulness is arranged in tucks and a sash gives the popular long-waist effect. Bands of embroidery run around the back and sides and terminate in front. A similar garniture appears on the skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 909. Frock of white silk gingham cut without a collar and trimmed with bretelles of the material edged with embroidery. The plastron is tucked. A panel front is imitated on the skirt with a row of embroidered edging at either side, and a row of drawnwork completes the hem. The sleeves are quite full and are gath-

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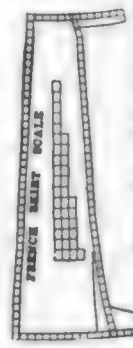

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ered into cuffs trimmed with embroidery. Around the waist is a sash of blue Liberty satin. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 910. Frock of white organdy cut without a collar but having a small shaped yoke with embroidered French dots in blue. Diamonds of embroidery and Valenciennes insertion are incrusted on waist and skirt and the sleeves are merely short puffs. The belt is made of the same materials. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

PRETTY FROCKS FOR GENERAL WEAR.

(Illustrated on page 28.)

Fig. 911. Frock of mercerized gingham. Blouse waist mounted on tucked yoke and trimmed with double bretelle collar. The fronts as well as the sleeves show clusters of tucks and the trimming on blouse and skirt consists of small buttoned tabs. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 912. Frock of white mercerized gingham. The blouse waist shows a tucked yoke and vest and like the skirt has slot seams. The yoke is bordered with a band of blue gingham which also extends down either side of the vest and in each corner are inset squares of dark-blue. A panel front is imitated on the skirt by a band at either side and similar trimming is put at the edge. All the bands are edged with a white wash braid. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 913. Frock of white gingham trimmed with scarlet. The blouse waist has a tucked square yoke which is outlined with a band of scarlet cut with tabs, and shows the new novelty in the way of slot seams. The sleeves are tucked, are trimmed with tabs and are gathered into narrow cuffs. The skirt is made with box plaits which are stitched down to within a short distance of the bottom, and is trimmed with scarlet tabs and straps. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 914. Frock of old-rose mercerized linen made very simply with a blouse waist which separates in front to show a very narrow inset vest of white lawn. The bretelle garniture is made of an inset band of black framed with straps and is completed with passementerie ornaments. Over the shoulders is a double cape effect. A panel front is imitated on the skirt with two stitched bands of linen and three narrow ruffles garnish the bottom. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 915. Frock of porcelain blue silk gingham simply trimmed with wash braid. The yoke shows rows of braid radiating from the collar and braid fastened with buttons trims the vest effect in front. Groups of two narrow ruffles finished with stitching complete the garniture, and the blouse sleeve is gathered into a narrow cuff. The skirt has a very narrow front and is trimmed with two little flounces adorned with stitching. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DRESSY FROCKS FOR GROWING GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 30.)

Fig. 916. Frock of cream Henrietta made with a blouse waist opening over a vest of white lawn and trimmed with scarlet taffeta straps held in place by buttons. The sailor collar is inlaid with scarlet and white striped silk and two smaller revershaped pieces are placed just above the belt. The skirt is made with inverted plaits stitched down to within several inches of the hem and is trimmed as shown with taffeta straps. The sleeves are completed with pretty novelty cuffs. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 917. Frock of porcelain blue chambray with a blouse waist opening over an embroidery vest. The revers and sailor collar are cut in one and are trimmed with embroidery insertion. Slot seams appear on waist as well as sleeves, the latter being completed with cuffs trimmed with embroidery. The skirt is made with inverted plaits stitched down to keep them in place. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 918. Frock of pale-pink chambray, the waist made with box-plait effect and trimmed with black velvet straps and small fancy buttons. The skirt is also made with stitched box plaits and trimmed with straps. Pattern, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 919. Frock of white mercerized lawn, the blouse waist trimmed with narrow beading threaded with pale-pink ribbon. The yoke and collar as well as the band in center of waist and skirt are embroidered or may be made of lace. The sleeves are trimmed with lace insertion and are gathered into narrow cuffs. The skirt is made particularly attractive through the trimming of narrow ruffles, each one of which is headed with ribbon beading. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 920. Frock of scarlet linen. The blouse waist has a vest effect tucked at the top and across the tucked part are two straps of scarlet and black embroidery. At either side of the vest is a wide box plait and similar plaits outline the panel front of the skirt, which also shows the scarlet and black embroidery. Besides this the skirt shows the double flounce effect, and over the shoulders are double epaulettes also trimmed with embroidery. Pattern, frock, $1.00. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra. Separately, waist, 75 cents; skirt, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra each.

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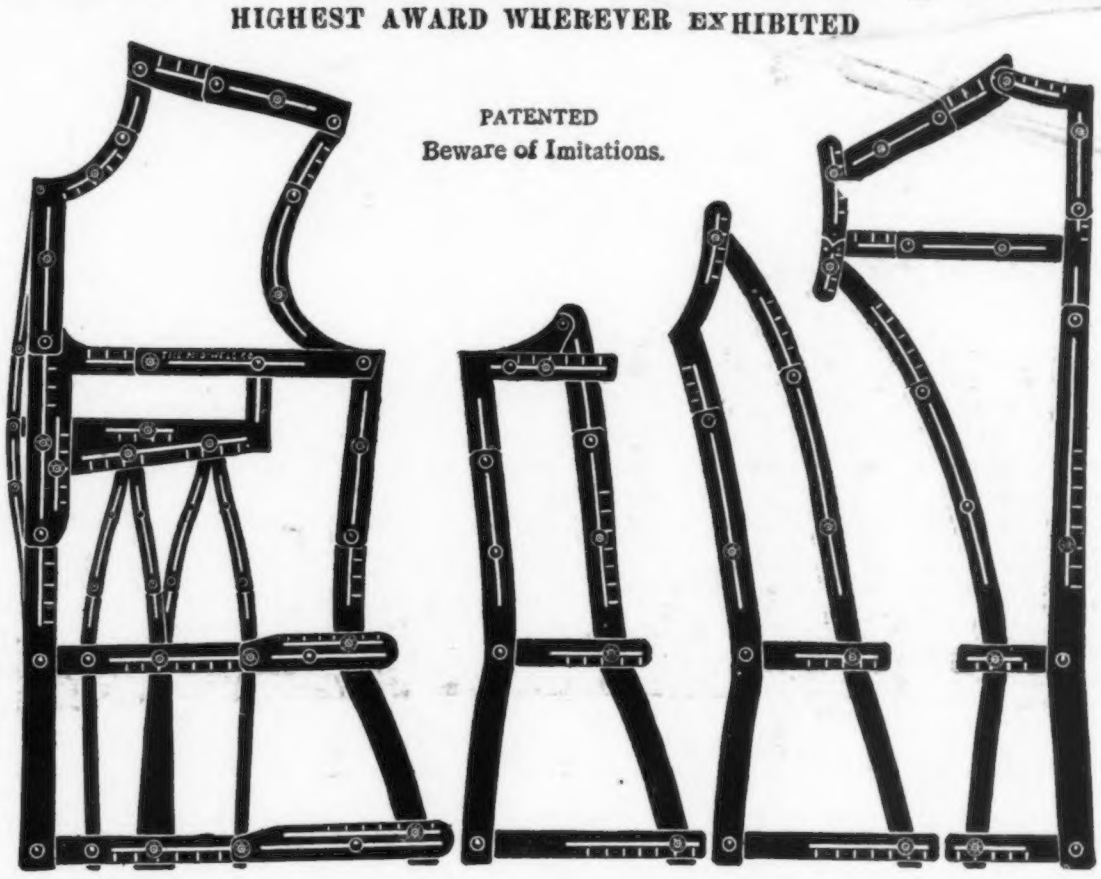

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